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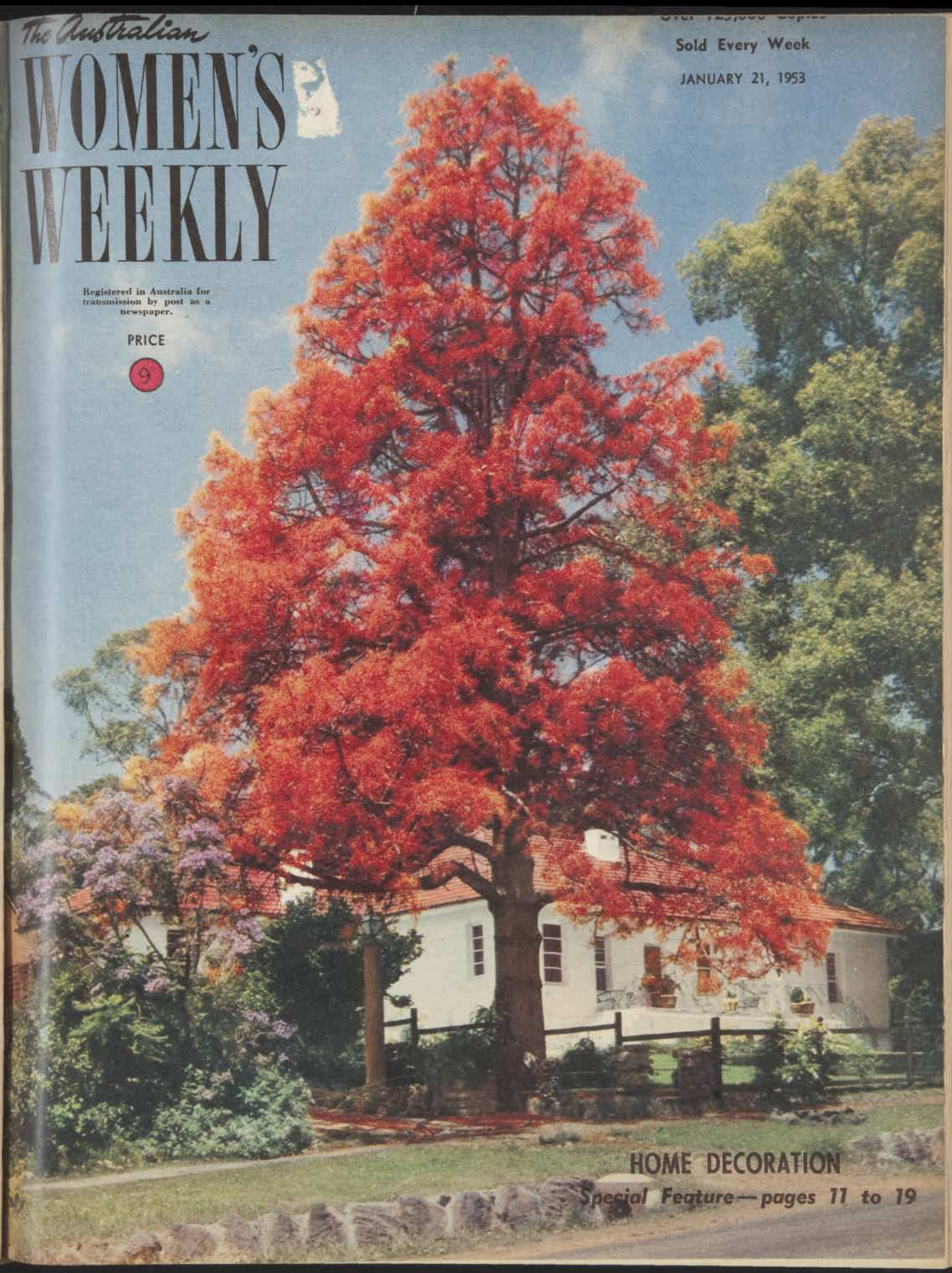

HOME DECORATION

Special Feature—pages 11 to 19

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JANUARY 21, 1953 Vol. 20, No. 34

PREVENT MORE DROWNINGS

"NEW Year drownings a record" was the grim heading on a report of nine deaths by drowning in the first two days of this year.

This figure was for New South Wales alone. In succeeding weeks the record of fatalities increased all over Australia.

Most of the victims, sadly enough, have been children.

In the reports of their deaths this one appalling sentence occurs again and again: "He could not swim." It links many of the accidents in tragic similarity.

No parent can read of these accidents without renewed anxiety for the safety of their own children.

There are weeks of summer left, and it is almost impossible to keep boys and girls away from the water.

Some accidents, of course, cannot be anticipated. No one can foresee and thus forestall all of them. Besides, children are so quick and so lively that it is almost impossible to keep track of them.

So long as they have the attitude that the long school holidays would be wasted unless spent at the beach, or river, or pool, it will be imperative for every one of them to be able to swim.

The opportunity to learn swimming now offered youngsters in the cities and towns of the Commonwealth is one no parent can afford to ignore.

Our cover:

● The beautiful Illawarra flame tree in the garden of Mr. A. C. Mitchinson, of Bannockburn Road, Pymble, N.S.W., attracts hundreds of sightseers when it is in flower. Our picture was taken by staff photographer Robert Cleland when the tree was in full-bloom this season.

This week:

● Our Home Decoration section, which begins on page 11, contains four pages showing how Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Atkins, of Hunter's Hill, Sydney, renovated an old house. During the last year of their work on the house, the Atkins' refused most invitations, visiting only their closest friends. They decided that the best way to get the job done was to stick at it in every spare moment they had. Mrs. Atkins' occasional visits to town always included a trip to the Chinese shops round Campbell Street, where she bought, a few pieces at a time, Chinese pottery to make up a complete dinner set for ten. Now that the house is finished she usually entertains six guests at a time. "With ourselves, that makes eight," she says, "so the set allows two for breakages."

Next week:

● To mark Australia Day we publish color pictures of prominent Australians of the animal kingdom.

So that it may be something of a holiday week-end for mothers too, our cookery expert, Charmian Maynard, has worked out holiday menus to lighten the tasks of homemakers.

Candid camera snapshots of the Stratford-upon-Avon players at a farewell party at Claridges, in London, before they left for New Zealand and Australia, make another color page. The company opens in Auckland on January 30.

Story of scientists' search for buried cities

Book review by HELEN FRIZELL

OF more interest to archaeologists than the finding of another Welcome Nugget was the recent news that a farmer in the Mediterranean island of Cyprus had unearthed an ancient shrine which dated back 26 centuries.

With spades and technical equipment they hurried to the site, hoping to fit another piece into the jigsaw puzzle of mankind's history.

Something of the fascination that such discoveries hold for archaeologists is felt by readers of C. W. Ceram's book, "Gods, Graves, and Scholars."

In it he tells the story of archaeology and scientists who, working like detectives, sought and found the cities of old.

He tells of Heinrich Schliemann, who as a boy of seven was given a book which contained pictures of the fabled city, Troy.

"And it is all gone, and nobody knows where it stood?" young Schliemann asked his father.

"That is true," his father replied.

"But I don't believe that," Heinrich said. "When I am big I shall find Troy, and the King's treasure."

He did—44 years later, in 1873.

In those years he had worked his way up from a grocer's assistant to a millionaire, mastered many languages, including ancient Greek, so that he could read Homer's Iliad, which told of Trojan days.

Schliemann, following the clues in the Iliad, began to dig at Hissarli, in Asia Minor, cutting deeply into a hill which stood out in the landscape.

"The hill was like a tremendous onion, from which he proceeded to peel off layer after layer" until he and his workers had discovered nine buried cities — the uppermost layer being the most recent. One swelteringly hot day Schliemann, glimpsing something in the diggings, seized his wife by the hand.

"Gold," he whispered urgently. "Quick, send the men home at once. Tell them they can have the rest of the day off—but hurry!"

After the workers had left, Sophia Schliemann held out her red shawl to receive the golden bracelets, diadems, and brooches which her husband had uncovered in the ruins.

But Schliemann had found not only gold—he had found Troy, achieving a lifetime's quest.

The heyday of archaeology had begun.

Another famous "detective" was Arthur Evans, an Englishman who went to Crete, that island just below Greece, where Australian troops battled with Germans in 1941.

He found at Knossos the palace of Minos—"as large as Buckingham Palace. The great structure contained luxurious bathrooms, ventilation systems, ground-water conduits, and waste-chutes."

Ceram's book is dramatic and exciting, written easily but accurately for the ordinary reader. Each chapter is an adventure in itself—so that as one reads one sees Egypt's Valley of the Kings, and Chichen-Itza, the sacred well in Yucatan, where an American discovered the skeletons of young women hurled there to propitiate cruel gods.

It is to Ceram's credit that this book, dealing with the dusty past of places and people, is not itself as dry as dust — but alive as those civilisations once were.

"Gods, Graves, and Scholars. The story of Archaeology," by C. W. Ceram, is published by Victor Gollancz Ltd., in association with Sidgwick and Jackson Ltd., London. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

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How to relieve HEARTBURN during PREGNANCY

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take QUICK-EZE for INDIGESTION

AND FEEL FIT AS A FIDDLE

F1.51

Back to Mandalay

Lowell Thomas

This famous author and war correspondent tells the story of General Wingate's guerrilla campaign in the Burmese jungle.

The first air-borne invasion in history—Mountbatten and the generals of the Far Eastern Command—gliders—hand-to-hand combat—all are here in a vivid tale of incredible adventure.

17/6

From all Booksellers

Shakespeare Head Press

NEW ADDRESS: 6th Floor, 149 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

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"Come on, girls. Let's take a ride," Jett said insolently, holding Leslie and Luz in an iron grip.

GIANT

Concluding

By Edna Ferber

"IT'S caught up with us," LESLIE BENEDICT says to her husband, BICK, when upstart oil millionaire JETT RINK, once their hired hand, knocks out their son, JORDY, after insulting his wife, JUANA.

Leslie first came to Texas as the bride of young Jordan ("Bick") Benedict, and from the start she finds much to fascinate and also to infuriate her in her life at Reata ranch. She makes good friends, including Bick's UNCLE BAWLEY; she and Bick have two children, JORDY and LUZ.

Leslie's parents, DR. and MRS. LYNNTON, are staying with her at Reata ranch the day that Jett Rink comes with news that oil has come in on a piece of land he owns. Years before, Bick had thrown him out because he was involved in the riding accident in which Bick's dominating sister, Luz, was killed. Now Jett crazily catches hold of Leslie, then sends Bick down with a savage kick. NOW READ ON:

BICK lay fuming among his pillows. "No!" he commanded. "Keep Roady away and Bowie too. Get Bawley on the telephone."

Uncle Bawley had come down from Holgado in a swift overnight journey. Now he sat in Bick's bedroom, and for once it was the Lynntons, not the Benedicts, who held conclave: Doctor Horace, Mrs. Lynnton, Leslie.

"Soft!" Uncle Bawley declared, his gentle voice soothing the sting of the words. "That's what's chowsing up this world. Everybody's turned soft. Pulled your gun and shot him. Bick, you'd saved yourself a heap of trouble. But no, you let him give you the knee and stroll off."

"He didn't stroll. He ran." Leslie went to her husband's defence. "Jordan hit him twice, hard enough to fell a steer. It was like hitting a stone wall."

"Drunk. No use hitting a fella who's crazy drunk. He don't feel a thing."

Dr. Horace nodded in agreement. "An anaesthetic alcohol."

Mildly chiding, Uncle Bawley went on. "Shot him, the whole State would have been beholden to you. A loco umbry like Rink gets hold of oil and money, why, he's liable to want to be Governor of Texas. Or worse. What started you wrassling with a polecat like Jett in the first place?"

Propped up against his pillows, his eyes flint-grey with fury, Bick's legs threshed between the sheets. "He came up to Leslie and put his filthy hand on her."

"No!" shouted Uncle Bawley.

"Yes!" Bick yelled.

"Bick's first blow was pure reflex," Dr. Horace observed. "Straight to the jaw."

"Bick well knows Rink's got a jaw like a jackass and besides he don't fight fair. Hit him below the belt, and first. That's the only kind of fighting he understands. Now you can't do a thing. Not a thing."

"Why not!" Mrs. Lynnton demanded. "Why not, I'd like to know! We saw it, all of us."

Uncle Bawley rose, a commanding figure in the room now so charged with conflicting emotions.

"Look how it sounds. Rink's fired from the ranch a few years back, he marries the schoolteacher he's got into trouble—pardon me, Miz Lynnton ma'am—and he don't seem to hold a grudge, he starts wildcatting for oil with no money and no crew and no sense on his own little piece of no-account land Bick gave him long ago, deeded. And what does he do, he hits oil. So he jumps into his junk-heap car to tell his old boss Bick about his good luck he's struck oil on the piece Bick gave him time his father turned up missing."

At a growl from the man in the bed—"Well, now, Bick, I'm just telling it the way it would sound told. And this young fella spills his good news and his old boss throws him out and wallops him in the jaw front of everybody. That'd go good in a court of law."

"I wasn't thinking of the law," Bick said sullenly.

"Furthermore," Uncle Bawley went on, "look what I heard this morning. Just on the way from Viento to here. I heard Rink's got hold of leases on pieces around. No-account land that's prolly rotten with oil."

With a mighty gesture Bick threw the covers aside. "I'm going to get up. What am I? Du Barry! Vamoose, ladies, as they say in the Westerns, unless you want to see a really fine physique in the raw."

Leslie glanced quickly at her father, but he only smiled approvingly. "That's fine Bick. You're all right."

"Sure Bick's all right," Uncle Bawley agreed, but the eyes that searched Bick's face was doubtful. "He took worse than that many a time when he was Harvard tackle."

"That's right," Dr. Horace agreed, too genially.

"Where's the kids?" Uncle

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Always by my side

By HILARY WILDE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

THE umpire called "Over!" and the white-clad figures moved obediently across the field, stringing themselves out again in a pattern that held no meaning for Kate as she sat on a damp deck chair at the edge of the field.

The bowler scowled about him portentously, treasuring the ball, then hopped, gave a great gawky, leaping run, and hurled the ball at the man holding the bat.

The batsman hit it, another man pounced on it, and the whole process began again.

It had been going on since just after lunch, and Kate now yearned for her tea—for tea, for a comfortable chair, where the chilly breeze wouldn't send shivers through her thin dress, and twenty-two single-minded men wouldn't bore her to tears.

She was, indeed, close to angry tears as she watched, and fidgeted, and waited for the dreary business to be over. What was she doing here, under a grim grey sky, staring at oafs?

The disloyalty of the thought hit her. Her husband was one of them.

The word warmed her for an instant. Having a husband was still new, only four months after the wedding.

Having a home with Tom—even though it was only a couple of rooms in somebody else's house—and sharing her life with him, their small moments and their big ones, gave her the feeling of richness.

But the warmth of her loving thought about Tom had gone, chilled into a cold, not quite new resentment against him.

Not quite new because, though she had not before admitted it in her mind, the fear and near-certainty of its happening sooner or later had been there for a long time.

Before they were married, when Tom first proposed, stammering in the dark and clutching at her hand, Kate had thought, confused with love: Yes, yes, of course I want to marry him! But—well, he might find marriage a little—irksome . . .

The thought hadn't been completed. Her heart had spoken before her mind.

Afterwards, happily preparing for the wedding and then for the home, she had looked forward only to idyllic pictures, the two of them sitting before their own fire, going for long, reflective walks together, sharing enchantment in a piece of music or a rare play.

But though she turned her back on uneasiness, it remained with her.

Tom was "a man's man." That was the trouble. He was sweet and kind and tenderly loving with her, he was charmingly shy often.

There was a steadiness about him that made him the most comforting companion she had ever had. But that was only one Tom.

It was as if, every so often, the bailiffs walked into his heart and took it over.

And the interlopers, too, were quite likeable people—loose-limbed, lounging young men with a tendency to guffaw at weak jokes which were also private jokes, and a delight in drinking quantities of beer with no noticeably ill effects, and—there was the rub—a discomfort in the company of women.

They were "the chaps"—the members of his cricket team, the ones who dragged him off on Saturday afternoons to play cricket in summer and football in winter.

They were the shadows over quiet domestic evenings, the thieves who might at any moment step in to steal her husband from her.

"Just for half a pint and a natter at the local, Mrs. Harrison. We'll deliver him back intact, we promise you." Or, "Old Pigger has let down the darts team again—can we just borrow Tom for half an hour?"

Could she say: "I'll come too"? She could, and did, at first, determined to keep her hold on Tom.

It wasn't that she wanted to be one of those dreadful possessive wives. But she and Tom were to share their lives, that was the promise they had made to one another with a solemn confidence which looked to her now rather bitterly comic.

For, of course she had lost those absurd small battles, every one of them. Tom himself would be reluctant at first to leave her, and try to make excuses, and look across at her guiltily when he was talked down.

And he'd be glad when she came out with them, and walk holding her arm, a little separate from the rather noisy group which had claimed him.

But in a little while he lost even this appearance of loyalty, and let himself merge into the group with almost visible relief.

Oh, they'd make conversation at her, when they remembered. They'd pause, solemnly and silently, every time she spoke, to give her their polite attention. Then they would return to their male preoccupations.

In a little while she gave up going with them. Tom would murmur apologetically, "Shan't be long, darling." The lonely evening would stretch on. Then the cricket began.

When the light was too bad and steady rain was making the pitch too soft, the cricketers trooped back to the pavilion.

Kate waited outside, shivering a little, while Tom changed.

She heard him apologising for not going on to a pub with the rest. "I'm a married man, boys — you know how it is."

A nagging wife, she thought bitterly, that's how those men must regard me.

They were home at last, in their sitting-room, with its cheap furniture already a little shabby and the window revealing only a vista of identical little damp pink houses in a long street. It was half-past eight—too late for anything.

Tom dropped the cricket bat at his feet with a contented sigh, and threw himself into an armchair.

"Hadn't realised I was so tired, darling," he said. "Let's make an early night of it. Been a good day, rain or no rain, hasn't it?"

A good day. Kate peeled off her coat with hands that shook, seeing a long vista of empty green Saturday afternoons. Sudden determination made her throat tight.

"Tom," she said, attempting to still the quaver in her voice. "It's time we had a talk—no, I mean it, don't look at me like that—a serious talk. It—it sounds silly and trivial, but—well, what's going to happen to us?

"Oh, Tom, what's become of—of all the sharing? First of all, the evenings you're dragged off somewhere without me, and now the whole day's been spent at that beastly—"

Tears silenced her, and she could only point despairingly at the bat. Tom stared at her in alarm.

"But we have been sharing! You always come with me when we play. I thought you were quite keen on it. What are all the fireworks about? Darling, what are you crying for?"

Tom put his arm about her frowningly, awkwardly, feeling guilty, and irritated with her because he didn't know why he should feel like that.

"Darling, do stop crying and tell me what it's all about! We come home perfectly happy, from what I thought was a rather good day—"

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How could she find any happiness in the moments they spent apart?

She interrupted him then, her voice shaking. "A good day! I hated it, I hate all these Saturdays. I want—I want us to be together. Doing things we both like doing, not just me following you because if I didn't I'd be left alone."

She stared up at him, seeing his face blur, then clear before her wet eyes, seeing him suddenly as a stranger, shut away from her behind a wall of unshared emotions.

How could she tell him what was wrong, if he didn't see it without needing to be told? How could she be sure, even, that there really was anything to tell?

Perhaps he was right, and she was being silly over something that didn't matter.

She tried, all the same, to explain, "Don't you see what it means, Tom? This is our first summer together, the first time we can have days out of doors, in the sun, and—not have to part afterwards. And—and all the time you're playing your silly games with the others, and I'm– I'm outside it all. We're never alone, except when we're at home.

He flushed, and with his blazer in his hand, went to lean angrily on the mantelpiece. "Well, the honeymoon can't go on forever, you know, darling. I mean, of course I love being with you, and so on, but—why be afraid we'll never be alone?

"We're not just courting youngsters. We're man and wife, we ought to—you know, steady down, take life calmly. A man needs some outside thing as well. . . ."

His voice tailed off, and he looked at her resentfully, aware that he was putting it badly, that her sudden incomprehensible outburst was forcing him to say things which sounded different from what he meant.

She, too, knew that she had failed to say what it was she wanted, what they should both want and have.

She picked on the words he said, though she knew it was unfair, he meant something different.

"Outside interests? I suppose that goes for a wife as well as a husband? You believe I ought to have 'outside' too, and friends of my own that you don't share?"

He began to raise his voice, exasperated and flustered. "There's no reason why we shouldn't share our friends—mine are decent enough chaps, you've often said so yourself! I don't understand what you're getting at, Kate! Of course have your own interests.

"Why shouldn't we live full lives, just because we're married? I happen to like cricket, but—but I don't see why you should be forced to share that. If you want to follow some other interest, well, yes, go ahead."

Got to be reasonable, she's so upset, he told himself. But the angry note in his voice, the distaste with which he said, "Other interest," turned the reasonable concession into half a quarrel.

Kate felt that, and thought rebelliously: He talks as if there must be something wrong with me not to like cricket.

He talks as if he has never thought at all about our promise to share things! Outside interests! All she wanted was—

"All right!" she said. "That seems fair enough, you have your cricket every Saturday afternoon, and I'll—I'll go out with my friends! All right, I agree. I don't see why marriage should—should tie us down."

The infuriating tears came again, choking her voice.

The evening was silent and heavy between them, and it was not until they lay in cold separation side by side that Tom's voice went cautiously into the darkness. "Kate? You awake?"

She murmured, pretending to be drowsier than she felt. She didn't want to talk, but she was curious to hear what Tom wanted to say.

"Kate—I suppose those friends of yours, the ones you—you mentioned before. . . . I suppose they'd be girls from your office? I mean, what are you thinking of doing, on these afternoons off?"

There was another silence, before she said quietly. "Yes, mostly people from the office. I don't know particularly what I'll do—there's always something. Pictures, art galleries, concerts, walks. Perhaps a tea dance, or a shopping trip. There's always something one can do."

"Tea dance." There was another pause, then he said miserably, "Kate—are you serious about all this?"

There was no surrender in her voice. "It was your own idea, Tom—we ought to have our own friends and outside interests, you said. Well, I agree. You have your cricket, and I'll have my—my dances. With," she added, "my own friends."

He said nothing after that, and he didn't move. Kate stayed awake, staring through the darkness.

She hadn't expected to say anything like that, pretending to want to go dancing without Tom, hinting there might be someone else.

She only wanted to sting him, to make him realise what he meant to her, what she longed for their marriage to be.

But now she was committed. If she withdrew, surrendered to the deadly routine already established of looking on at her husband's chosen "outside interests," their love would be killed.

Besides—it wasn't absolutely untrue that there could be someone else, a man who would be glad to share leisure hours with her..

With a shock she saw that, for quite a long time now, she had been comparing Tom with Gregory Haynes, wondering what would have happened if she had said "Yes," a year ago, to Gregory's proposal of marriage.

Was that why she had this row with Tom, had threatened to go out with other people. Had she, without knowing it, been thinking of Gregory?

Gregory Haynes was not, in the conventional sense, a handsome man; his thin, rather pale face had too many angles, his green eyes were a little too large, his chin had a sharp delicacy almost feminine.

Yet, the moment Kate walked into the office for her interview and saw him waiting for her, standing tall and graceful behind the desk, a smile curving his full sensitive lips, something stirred in her blood and made her voice tremulous as she greeted him, sat facing him and answered his gentle questions.

He was attractive, certainly. No man had yet stirred her heart very deeply.

His eyes looked into hers, those green eyes flecked with gold, and all the time he was talking to her, it was as if another, still voice in him were saying to her: You interest me, and I see a lot about you that you think concealed . . .

When the letter came, two days later, saying she had the job, and signed "Gregory Haynes, Manager," she felt a moment of panic and even thought: I won't take it, I'll tell them I've already found a place. I can't work for him!

It was nonsense, of course, and Kate was at her new desk punctually that first morning; but the memory of her hesitation made her awkward and embarrassed in the presence of her boss, and his quiet kindness only made things worse.

The embarrassment didn't last. He made that impossible. In a few days she was returning his morning smile warmly.

She found herself, in moments between taking letters from him, answering his questions about her life, her feelings, what she thought about things, with a freedom that only surprised her afterwards, when she was alone and thinking about it.

It seemed quite natural to her, two or three months later, when he asked her if she'd like to go to a play. She accepted at once.

That day, when she mentioned it to one of the girls in the office, she encountered a number of foolish, half envious jokes about Gregory's invitation, and arch remarks about secretaries who married their bosses.

Kate was startled. The girls were only being silly, of course, but—Perhaps it was true that she was in love with him?

She searched her heart. She wanted to be in love, she was still young enough to seek anxiously for that sudden glory everyone said would come upon her when the "real thing" happened. Was this it?

She thought of Gregory kissing her, tried to imagine it, and found herself quite coolly reflecting: It would probably be rather nice.

The promise of the next evening at the theatre with him excited her more—the thought of dinner with him, good seats, the taste of luxury. Was this love — this self-possessed, quite controllable, pleasure? Was

Please turn to page 38

"A man needs some outside interests as well," Tom was saying, half angrily, as she turned away from him.

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You can have a choice of three finishes (1) Natural suede-like finish (2) Ivory finish (3) Primed Cane-ite which requires no base coat—actual final color of paint can go straight on.

(Right) "Next our kitchen. I've saved up all my magazine cuttings of smart kitchen cupboards and table ideas and this will be the result using C.S.R. Timbrock. I have no room for a separate eating nook but I will be able to carry out this marvellous little idea for a combined kitchen table, snack bar and shelves with Timbrock."

Timbrock is natural wood made stronger and flexible so it can be shaped around corners. Grainless. Splinterless. Lasts a lifetime when used for doors, built-in furniture, panelling and other modern interior uses. Attractive honey color or takes any paint. And most important—Timbrock is white ant and borer proofed.

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TALLY-HO, SARGE!

By Raymond Campbell

Illustrated by Hedstrom

ALL I received from the whole affair was a broken leg—yet, as I lay here in the cool hospital bed, I think that there is some compensation in the thought that Sergeant Bean has to do my work.

It would be difficult to say who started it all. I blame the Sergeant for being so ambitious; the Sergeant blames his wife for wanting a fox-skin rug; his wife says we are a pair of fools and refuses to discuss the matter.

Who am I? Constable Patrick O'Flaherty, stationed to assist Sergeant Frederick Bean to maintain law and order in the small country town of Gataroo. (In reality, I do about ninety-five per cent. of the "maintaining.")

Several weeks ago, when the Sarge is going through his mail, he passes over a letter with the remark, "You had better tidy up the yard, Pat, clean out the cells, and spruce yourself up a bit."

"Why?" I ask, "Is the Super coming?"

Sarge merely points to the letter, which I read and from which I learn that Colonel Fawcett-Smythe would be visiting the station in the near future in the course of making a survey and report on the police system of our State.

Furthermore, the letter stated that the powers that be "would appreciate it if every consideration and courtesy is extended to our distinguished visitor from England."

Well, the result of this letter is that the Sarge takes it as heaven-sent. He thinks that if this cove from England is very pleased with the station and he receives a good report he might receive promotion or, at least, a transfer from this place. Sarge has been trying to get a move for nine years.

So, he makes plans. We are going to remove all the rubbish from around the house and office, repair the front fence, paint the office, build a yard for his cow to stop her from wandering into the cells—in short, I'm going to sweat a considerable amount during the next few weeks.

Sarge gets out a sheet of paper and makes a list of all the things to be done while I mentally curse our "distinguished visitor."

However, two days later we learn that there is some truth in the saying about the "best laid plans of men and mice." It is a roasting day. I am sitting on the steps of the office while Sarge is leaning back in his chair, his bare feet, size eleven, stretched across his desk.

He wants to go and have a beer, while I reckon it would be cooler fishing for trout. Both of us are almost dozing. Suddenly I hear a car door slam and look up to see a tall bloke just opening the front gate. I look at the Sarge—his eyes are popping and his jaw has fallen six inches.

"It's him! Talk to him, Pat." And then, in spite of his eighteen stone, the Sarge moves through the back door of his office, like a distracted elephant catching up with its herd.

"Ba Jove! What a fine specimen of a brush!" "The tall chap" has stopped and is examining a fox skin which the Sarge has pegged out on the fence.

"Yes. Isn't it!" I gulp, hastily adjusting my braces.

"Much huntin' done here, what?" asks the Colonel, whom I realise this cove must be.

"Er, what? Yes!" I reply, "Sergeant Bean is very keen on hunting."

"Jolly good! When's the next hunt?"

"Next Saturday afternoon," says I.

A few minutes later I hear the front gate slam and Sarge comes striding down the path—looking spick and span.

"Constable O'Flaherty," he bellows at me. "Where's your coat and collar?"

Well, I ask you, aren't I the bunny? Sarge continues in the same strain—informs me that I am a disgrace to the Force and bawls me out about my dirty boots—dirty from digging his garden.

However, this Colonel apparently has a one-track mind about hunting, and he starts straight in and asks the Sarge about the hunt next Saturday.

Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, Sarge soon catches on. But the blowhard lays it on thick about his hunting and the hounds. The long and short of it is that the Colonel is coming back next Saturday to take part in the hunt.

Well, I naturally get the job of organising the "Gataroo Hunting Club." I go and see about fifteen of the local stationhands, the schoolteacher, the postmaster, and the publican, and they all agree to play up to the Colonel.

Sarge finds an old print of a hunting scene and from it gets the idea that we must have uniforms. So I have to go to Rockington, thirty miles away, and borrow twenty uniforms belonging to the town band.

Dogs? I see Windy Hill, who is doing a rabbiting contract on Parker's property. Windy has about twenty of the most mixed lot of mongrels one would meet anywhere—he agrees to bring them to town on Saturday.

Saturday arrives!

Sarge gives me orders to have the "members" assembled in front of the pub by twelve o'clock and then send word to him, and he and the Colonel would ride down on their horses.

The whole town and district turn out to see the hunt on its way—dogs, children, adults, drunks, and horses seem to be everywhere. It takes me an hour to get the "members" dressed and out of the bar. Then I send word to the Sarge.

Well, I must hand it to the Sarge—or to his wife—she certainly made him look the part. As the two horses come around the bend near the station, a hush settles on the crowd as everyone stares.

Sarge is wearing a red coat with tails, which looks suspiciously like my dressing-gown, a blue shirt, an old cricket cap, and leggings, which fairly dazzle the eyes. He and the Colonel move through two rows of silent, gaping yokels.

"Blimey, I must be drunk!" roars Sandy Macpherson, and then the crowd cheers and whistles—but this seems to please the Colonel and so Sarge raises his cap, bows, and yells "Tally-ho!"

Carrying a double-barrelled duck-gun, gauge eight, Windy Hill arrives with his dogs. He refuses to leave until he has a couple of rums. Then, to the accompaniment of cheers, whistles, hoots, and catcalls, we move off. The pack of mongrels is joined by all the strays around the town, and I think pity help any fox that we catch.

The "huntsmen," after an hour's argument and two fights earlier in the pub, had decided that the gullies in old Bronson's property would be the best place to look for foxes; so the "huntsmen" move off up Romany Creek, cross it, and head for Bronson's place, with the Colonel and the Sarge leading the way.

I am riding just behind the pair, and I hear the Sarge skiting about the sterling qualities of his men, the keenness of the dogs, the many foxes caught in these particular gullies, and so on.

Bronson's place is thick with rabbits and so we have many false alarms with the pack of dogs tearing after the bunnies. The noise makes me think that any half-witted fox that wouldn't realise that about a hundred dogs were coming deserved to be caught.

Eventually we circle around a hill and get the wind in the right quarter. Windy, still clutching his duck-gun, has the dogs behind after considerable bellowing at them.

"There's a bloomin' fox!" suddenly yells the Sarge, but, seeing a surprised expression on the Colonel's face, he rises in his stirrups like a General before a battle, and calls, "Tally-ho! Tally-ho Charge men!"

I think of the Charge of the Light Brigade as we give the chase. The fox has about half a mile start, and, by the way he is moving, he must think that all the hounds of Hades are after him.

The procession of fox, dogs, and yelling horsemen heads across Bronson's place and is making a direct line for Stumpy Mangan's shack.

This Stumpy Mangan is a regular hillbilly who has a small property of about four hundred acres, a few hundred sheep, and an unknown number of turkeys and fowls. About a month before this Stumpy had arrived at the police station, half drunk, and with a yarn about someone stealing his turkeys.

Sarge popped him in the cooler for two days because he hadn't filled in his annual stock return. When Stumpy was released he returned to his shack breathing fire and abuse against the police force in general and against Sergeant Bean in particular.

So, when we get near Stumpy's place, I begin hoping that he is away from home. However, we are by this time right on the fox's tail, and when he reaches the clearing where Stumpy's shack is situated, there is Stumpy in the middle of several hundred fowls and turkeys.

The fox charges through the mass of poultry and what happens during the next few minutes is still a little hazy in my mind. Stumpy sees the Sarge and makes a beeline for his shack.

Fowls and dogs and turkeys scatter in all directions. Bang! Stumpy's shotgun belches forth through the window of his shack. Boom! Windy Hill's duck-gun replies and scatters bark and chips from Stumpy's shack.

The Sarge was dressed with enough magnificence to make a dog laugh, to say nothing of the fox.

"You bloomin' coppers!" screams Stumpy, and lets fly with the other barrel in our direction.

By this time we have almost reached the timber when some pellets from Stumpy's gun hit the Colonel's horse on the rump. The horse lashes out and bolts.

"Stop him, Pat!" screams the Sarge, as the horse charges past me and I make a grab at the bridle. The next moment I am pulled out of the saddle right under the hoofs of the Colonel's horse, and out I go cold.

When I come around, I am in the bed at the hospital with a bandage around my head and my right leg in plaster.

A week has passed since I was admitted to hospital. Nurse Mitchell, who has just come on duty, says to me, "That sergeant of yours was very cranky at the pictures in the hall to-night."

"Why?" I ask.

"When he came into the hall to-night, somebody up the back called out 'Tally-ho, Sarge,' and Sergeant Bean got very annoyed and threatened to close the hall."

I smile to myself. I know why Sergeant Bean is very touchy on the subject of hunting. Yesterday he received a bill for twenty pounds from the Rockington Town Band for "repairs to uniforms."

The Sarge is also annoyed about a letter I received to-day from the superintendent. This letter advises me that Colonel Fawcett-Smythe commends me on my bravery in attempting to stop his bolting horse.

Furthermore, the letter advises that, as from the date of my resumption of duty, I am to receive a stripe and be transferred to Rockington.

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Will you Marry Me—or Me

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

JULIE CARMICHAEL lay on her back on the sand, her small nose pointing straight at the sun. Her eyes were closed, but she was not asleep.

The soft padding of the waves upon the hard sand was in her ears, the smell of salt and seaweed in her nostrils.

Her head was pressed against the sand, and her mouth was curved in an expression of complete satisfaction.

Below her ears, the beach vibrated with approaching footsteps. She did not stir until a woman's voice called, "Hello, there, Julie!"

She sat up, then, in one swift motion, blinking against dozens of little golden suns that danced in the air.

"I hoped we'd find you here," Mary Everett said. "Darling, these are Mrs. Whittley's sons, Andy and Bill. They've just arrived."

The suns dissolved; the world returned into focus. Julie smiled at Mrs. Everett and at the two young men. Her lips parted to say "How do you do?" and remained parted, without speech.

The Whittley brothers were shaking hands with one another, formally, nodding significantly, like a pair of comedians.

"I saw her first!" said the one she would soon discover was Andy.

"She saw me first!" retorted the one who was Bill.

They sat down on the sand, one at either side of Julie.

"Just a pair of lunatics," Mrs. Everett murmured. "You take care of them for me, Julie." She walked down to the water.

Bill reached out and gently pinched Julie's brown arm. "She's real," he informed his brother.

Julie spoke for the first time. "Couldn't you have your names embroidered on your collars, like Tweedledum and Tweedledee?"

"Why couldn't we have our collars embroidered on our necks?" Bill suggested. "Think of the saving on laundry!"

Julie Carmichael had just passed her seventeenth birthday, and "Through the Looking Glass" was not so very far behind her.

"'It would never do to say How d'ye do? now,'" she quoted Alice. "'We seem to have got beyond that, somehow!'"

The Whittley brothers locked eyes above her red head.

"Let's adopt her," said Andy.

Now that she was becoming somewhat accustomed to them, Julie could see that they did not look so much alike as she had at first thought.

They were about the same height, a bit over six feet. Andy was the elder; his hair was darker than Bill's, and not so curly. Bill's eyes were green-grey and Andy's grey-blue.

"First, we must make the usual inquiries," Bill said briskly. "Age and occupation?"

Julie told them she was going to the university. She hoped that the admission would not discourage their interest.

They were, she realised, what her contemporaries referred to as Older Men.

Bill, she discovered, was something to do with broadcasting, Andy in advertising. They were respectively twenty-two and twenty-four years old.

Mary Everett joined them after her swim.

"We want to take her out and buy her things," Bill told Mrs. Everett.

For the entire week of their visit they did precisely that. They took her to the pictures, to a concert, to the theatre.

They took her to a late dance at the biggest hotel for miles, where they ostentatiously ordered her glasses of milk; to the weekly square dance at the local dance hall.

They bought her a large cinnamon-colored Teddy bear, a bottle of perfume, and two packets of stamped envelopes, which they spent half an hour addressing to themselves.

"We don't expect you to write oftener than every day," they told her, when they said good-bye.

"I have never," Julie said, truthfully, "had such a wonderful week in my life!"

"Wait till we see you in Town!" said Andy.

When Julie started at the university Bill and Andy wrote to her constantly. They sent her more presents — a musical snuff-box, a stuffed canary, a wax banana, and a framed photograph of themselves, inscribed, Faithfully, Albert Einstein.

Julie went home to her family for Christmas, but it was Andy and Bill who met the train. They looked handsome and dashing in their town clothes.

The week at the sea had been wonderful, but this time it was even more wonderful.

It seemed to Julie that they knew everyone worth knowing. They took her to night clubs and cafes; they introduced her to radio celebrities, the "names" of the literary world.

At a famous spot one night, a young woman came over to their table. "May I sit down with you, Andy? I'm bored with my bunch."

Andy said, "We're delighted." He turned to Julie. "Tatiana, may I introduce Miss Peg Orford? Mlle. Roskaya is premiere ballerina at the ballet, Peg dear."

Bill ordered drinks. "A glass of milk for my daughter, please," he told the waiter.

Peg Orford choked over her champagne. "Is this another of your leg pulls?" she demanded. She added, to Julie, "Who are you?"

Julie smiled, sadly. "Ees deeficult for me to say in Eengleesh," she apologised. "I am not 'appy, yes? You see"—her hand touched Bill's coat sleeve lightly—"I am married with heem."

The other hand brushed Andy's arm. "But I loff heem. Ees sad, no?"

Miss Orford choked again, and returned to her own table.

After the holiday, Julie and her fellow students swapped news. Julie produced the photograph the boys had given her when they saw her off.

It showed Andy seated stiffly, like a Victorian bridegroom, in a carved chair; Bill standing behind him, one hand on his shoulder, the other daintily holding a lace-bordered handkerchief.

Marian Bromfield, whom Julie usually lunched with, studied the picture. "They must be a riot," she murmured. "Which do you like best?"

"Julie said, "Neither." Then she said, "Both."

"Are they in love with you?"

"No," said Julie. "At least, they don't say so." She corrected herself. "At least, they both say so. It's sort of a reverse twist on two negatives making an affirmative."

In May Julie was eighteen. In June her parents opened their cottage by the sea again and Bill and Andy came down for Whitsun week-end.

They arrived in a dusty old car and dragged out from the back a case of champagne cider.

Andy said, "Julie, if you take my advice, you'll become known as Champagne-and-Light-Wine Julie. It makes you more expensive and original."

Julie looked at him quickly. His grin was as gay as always, but his grey-blue eyes were serious.

Andy was two years older than Bill, and every now and then she was aware of his seniority.

Everyone in the place liked them. The young married set and the youngsters competed for their company; the small children had to be swept up regularly from around them and sent home. "Just for routine identification," Andy explained to them gently.

A full moon had popped from the rim where the ocean and sky seemed to meet, and was floating upward. The brothers' farewell picnic was in full swing on the beach.

"I used to think," murmured Andy, gazing into the fire they had kindled from driftwood, "that after I died, I'd like to be reincarnated as a whale, but I've changed my mind. I'd like to be Julie."

She smiled at him. "I can recommend it," she said. "But someone would have to be you, Andy, to make the picture complete."

"I suppose I could split up like a cell and be twins," Bill offered.

"You three!" cried Dolly Heming way. Dolly was the prettiest girl among them, which made her a beauty.

"Julie Carmichael, you should be prosecuted! You're a combination in restraint of trade!" She was smiling, but her voice was edged.

"You are speaking," reproved Bill, "of the woman we love."

"Oh, honestly!" exploded Dolly.

"Julie," Andy explained, "is our fairy godchild, Dolly. She is our little sister, our love bird and our white mouse."

"She is also," added Bill, the B.B.C. behind him, "our theme song and our Third Programme."

Julie swallowed. For the first time

She looked away, suddenly shy. "Andy," she whispered, "Why did you call me Pandora?"

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in the fourteen months since she had met Bill and Andy Whittley, she was embarrassed by them.

For the first time she wondered why they had selected her as the object of their joint attention. Julie is our fairy godchild. . . . She was not a child, though. Eighteen years made her a young woman. Bill and Andy were young men.

"I'm tired," she said. "I'm going home."

Andy's eyes went swiftly to her face, inquiring.

Bill said, "You can't go home. On our last night."

Julie stood up. "I have a headache."

"I'll walk home with you," said Bill.

"Please," said Julie. "I'd really like to go alone."

She walked quickly up the sloping beach, away from all of them. The road was dark, the night moonless now, and still. For no reason that she could name, she wanted to cry.

In the morning, when Bill and Andy came to say good-bye, the nameless sadness still clung to her, shadowy and without substance, like the early mist swirling over the sea.

"We've brought you a bon voyage present," Bill told her. "Because it's our voyage and you're bon."

Julie said, "Thank you."

"Well, open it!" said Bill, impatiently.

She opened the parcel. It contained a bright red leather fitted beauty case. She said, "Oh, no!"

"What a coincidence," Andy murmured, smiling at her. "It seems to have your initials on it!"

She looked at him soberly. "You shouldn't spend so much money on me. It isn't right."

Bill said, "Idiot! If it was from one of us, it might be compromising, but a girl can't be compromised by two men."

Two affirmatives make a negative again, thought Julie.

"What's wrong, Julie?" asked Andy.

"I don't know," she answered. "Do you?"

She was looking at Andy, asking him, but Bill answered her. "Yes," he said. "Nothing."

"Nothing," Andy echoed. He kissed her forehead lightly. "Au revoir, Pandora."

Bill kissed her forehead. "See you when you can cook," he said.

They drove away, and she stood for several minutes, not moving, looking down the road. What had Andy meant by calling her Pandora?

Came Christmas. Bill and Andy, bearing gifts, called upon her at her parents' house on Christmas Eve.

After they had gone, Mr. Carmichael said, "The saving grace about those two boys is that though they behave like a pair of idiots, there isn't a more promising man in the advertising business than Andy Whittley. And I heard the other day that Bill is thought most highly of by the B.B.C."

Mrs. Carmichael looked at her daughter. She looked as though she were about to speak, and Julie waited. Mrs. Carmichael said nothing. She arose and began emptying ashtrays briskly.

In May, her nineteenth birthday was like any other day, except for the presents—and the sober realisation that she was entering her twentieth year. Andy and Bill sent her nineteen gifts in separate parcels.

Julie drew a deep breath, and rose to the occasion. She wrote them nineteen letters. Dear Bill and Andy, Dear Andy and Bill, Dear Whittley Brothers, Dear Friends . . .

She contrived nineteen variations of address for the envelopes. Pushing them through the slot of the letterbox, she muttered, savagely, "Get in there, you! And you!"

Very soon after, she received a letter from Andy. "I'm unexpectedly off to South America," he wrote. "Shall I bring you home a llama?—its fleece was yellow golld — and everything that Julie did that silly llama tolld. Llove, Andy."

Bill wired:

May I come to the bay for Whitsun? Will bring my rations.

It was strange to see Bill without Andy. He looked more like Andy, alone, than he did when Andy was with him.

"You've changed!" he told her, accusingly. "You've gone and grown up, Julie Carmichael!"

She shrugged. "It happens."

"You've been nibbling the wrong side of the mushroom again!" he said.

Bill arrived on the Saturday afternoon. In the evening they went to a dance. On Sunday there was a party at Dolly's, and on Monday night Bill took Julie out in the car and they stopped for supper at a road house and Bill ordered champagne.

They drove back by moonlight and Bill slipped his arm behind her. She let her head drop on his shoulder.

He turned the car off the main road and stopped in a clearing above the beach. In the light of the dashboard she looked up at his smiling face.

"Kitten," said Bill softly, and kissed her mouth.

Julie's arm went about his neck. Julie's mouth remained upturned to his kisses. It seemed strange and not quite right to be kissing him when Andy was far away in South America. But Bill was young and warm and comforting, and the whole world was crazy.

After a while he said, "I suppose we'd better go back. I have to rise at dawn, remember. I'm that man with a business engagement at ten o'clock to-morrow."

Julie set the alarm clock and got up before him. She got his breakfast and carried the tray to the verandah.

The sun was already high; the wind was warm. She had slipped a scarlet dressing-gown over her yellow pyjamas; her brown feet were bare.

Bill kissed her good-bye. Julie stood on the step and watched his car out of sight, her heart hammering, her mind confused.

In August, he lodged with the same landlady as last year. Sometimes Julie packed luncheon for them and they walked inland, over the downs.

Sometimes they ate at Julie's house and sat afterwards on the grass above the beach.

"Julie, I am going to break a rule," Bill announced one late afternoon as they sat in their favorite spot. "I am going to shatter the precedent of a lifetime." He was grinning. "Miss Carmichael, will you marry me?"

She stared at him. "But what about Andy?" she asked.

"What about him?" retorted Bill.

She bit her lip, her eyes troubled.

Bill laughed. "We'll cable him to

She loved them both, so how could she know which one she wanted to wed

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pick up a bride of his own in South America."

"Oh, don't!" cried Julie.

Bill said, "You can't marry us both. Marry me first. Then you'll get used to being a Mrs. Whittley."

"Don't joke about it," she pleaded. "I know it sounds idiotic, but I never thought — I'll have to think, Bill."

She told her mother Bill had proposed. Mrs. Carmichael said, "What about Andy?"

Julie's eyes were wide. "That's just it," she said.

Her mother looked at her sharply.

"Then you're not in love with either of them," she stated.

Bill returned to town after his fortnight's holiday. A week later Andy telephoned. Julie trembled when she heard his voice.

"May I come down for the week-end?" he asked, and she could sense his eagerness.

"Just you?" said Julie. "Or you and Bill?"

"Bill's up north," said Andy. "I'm only just back."

She met him at the station. Andy did not look so much like Bill as Bill looked like Andy, which was confusing. Andy looked like himself.

He caught her in a hug and kissed her cheeks.

"I've missed you, Julie." He held her off to look at her. "You've grown up," he said, just as Bill had said it.

"People do," she answered.

"People should," he corrected her.

As they sat in the garden talking after lunch, Julie found that Andy seemed older than he had when he left and much older than Bill. He was older, she reminded herself. Andy was twenty-six.

Her memory made a leap and she looked away, suddenly shy: "Andy, why did you call me Pandora?"

"When?" he asked. "I don't remember. She opened a box, as I recall. Things flew out at her."

He smiled at her, but his eyes were serious. "Things flying at you, Julie?" he inquired, gently.

She nodded.

That evening, Andy and Julie stayed in the family sitting-room with her parents, while he told them about the places he had seen.

Next evening, walking home from the pictures, Andy looked down at Julie walking beside him under the stars.

"Have you fallen in love with anyone while I was away?" he added, very casually.

"Just the same old pair," she answered, her voice as casual as his had been. "You and Bill."

He did not speak, and she did not look up. It seemed a long time before he said, gently, "You can't do that, you know."

She did not answer, and he added, "You do know, Julie. I know that you know, because you're not a little girl any more."

"How can you tell?" she demanded.

He took hold of her shoulder, halting her. "I think I've always known things about you, Julie. Perhaps it's because I've always loved you, since that first day I saw you."

She looked up at him, unhappily, silent.

"I see," said Andy. "So it's Bill?"

"He asked me to marry him," she said. "I told him that I didn't know. And, Andy, I don't know! It's awful!"

Andy let go of her shoulder. "Possibly I was wrong about your having grown up," he said dryly.

Except for good-night, they did not speak again that evening. They were not once alone the next morning. Julie wondered whether Andy had deliberately offered Jack Parsons a lift to the station.

"You and Bill will come up for another week-end soon before I go back?" Julie asked.

"Will we?" asked Andy. "Thank you, Miss Carmichael."

They returned together, in Bill's old car, the mad Whittley brothers, bearing gifts. It should have been like old times.

Saturday evening was the night of the weekly square dance. Julie had a new dress. When she had put it on and looked at her reflection in the mirror, she was startled by her own face.

Her eyes looked frightened; her mouth tense.

The town hall was brightly lit. The caller's voice rang out as they climbed the stairs. The accordion and violin sang above the stamping feet.

Julie forgot her apprehensions, her blood racing to the music and the exertion of the dances.

At the end of a particularly hectic square dance, she found herself holding Bill's hands, and, still dizzy, she ran with him out into the night.

"Julie, you're the prettiest girl in the world," said Bill. He pulled her into his arms and kissed her.

"Oh, please!" cried Julie. She wrenched herself loose, and started running back.

"Wolves?" inquired Andy's voice dryly, from the shadow of a pine tree. "I heard they were bad this year."

He, too, reached out and drew her to him. He was not smiling. "You might as well be hanged for a bear as a wolf, Julie," he said, and kissed her.

Julie burst into tears.

Andy watched silently while she wept. She gave a final gulp.

Bill overtook them as they walked back to the hall.

"Enjoying yourself, Brother?" asked Andy politely.

"Yes, indeed, Brother," said Bill.

Walking between them, Julie's face was burning. She felt cheap and ashamed of herself. Then you're not in love with either of them, her mother had said curtly. Possibly I was wrong about your having grown up, Andy had told her.

After the dance, they all went to a friend's house. Julie had not wanted to go there, nor did she want to remain. After an hour she crossed the room to where Bill stood with Jack Parsons.

"Don't you think it's time to go home?" she asked him.

"Ridiculous!" he retorted. He handed Jack his empty glass. "Your turn to refuel, my friend."

At two-thirty the party broke up.

Julie slid behind the wheel of Bill's car.

"I'd like to drive, please," she said. Bill said nothing, Andy smiled and shrugged.

"I'm going to bed," said Julie, when they entered the quiet house. "Good-night."

"You're not going to bed," Bill contradicted her. He pushed her down into a deep chair.

Julie said, "Please Bill. I'm very tired." She looked at Andy imploringly.

"Pretty as paint," Bill said. "Why couldn't she have been twins?" Abruptly, he snapped his fingers. "What a bright boy I am! Julie, where's a pack of cards?"

Julie said nothing. Andy's back gave her no help. Bill walked unsteadily across to the desk and opened a drawer.

"Brother," he announced, "I have the solution. Let's cut for the little lady. Winner takes all eight stone."

Julie closed her eyes. She felt sick and helpless. Andy still did not speak. She heard the slap of the cards.

She heard Bill ask, "What's yours, Brother?"

Andy's voice was quiet. "Ten of clubs."

"So sorry," said Bill. "A queen. Named Julie."

Julie opened her eyes and stood up. Her cheeks were flaming.

"We'd better turn in," Andy said, before she could speak.

"You'd better turn in, Brother," Bill corrected him, "You're dealt out."

"Fun's fun," said Andy. "It's three o'clock, William."

Bill turned slowly and faced his brother. "Just what is this?" he demanded. "You wouldn't be welshing, would you?"

Julie's hand went to her throat.

"Suppose we adjourn until morning," Andy suggested.

Bill's face was red. "Andy, I have loved you like a brother —" he began, and Julie interrupted him.

"Stop it!" she cried. Julie glared at Bill. "Stop it this minute! You're childish and ridiculous and—and drunk!"

Bill looked at her. "You, too?" he asked, accusingly.

Julie looked past Bill's angry face at Andy. Andy's calm eyes met hers. She felt her tension ebbing.

"Go to bed, Julie," he said. "Everything is all right."

For a moment longer her eyes clung to his. Then she nodded. There came a time when everyone had to grow up; and Julie knew it had happened to her in these last few minutes. . . .

When she had for the first time been so furiously resentful of Bill's high-handed gaiety. . . . When she tried to imagine life with a man who would cut cards for a wife, even for a joke.

Julie turned towards the stairs and then stopped, her hand on the banister. Suddenly she saw Andy for the first time as the dependable, rocklike sort of man he really was. How could she have thought he and Bill were really alike?

From the hall, she heard Andy's voice, quiet and steady. "Let's have a nightcap together, Billy. I could do with some scrambled eggs myself."

She heard Bill say, "All right. Why not?"

Julie went up the stairs softly. Everything was all right. Andy had said so. Andy would take care of Bill. They would both take care of Bill, always.

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Special Feature

ANY HOUSE CAN BECOME A Dream Home

How a couple with a limited income turned an old house into their dream home is the theme of this special section. The story of the transformation is given with other furnishing ideas.

By EVE GYE

LIKE countless other couples, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Atkins planned to build a home of their own when they were first married.

But during their search for land on which to build, an estate agent took them to an old stone house at Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.

The long-vacant house, part of which was built by convict labor nearly a century ago, stood in an acre or so of ground covered with a mass of jungle-like growth. This growth stretched down to the water at the entrance to the Parramatta River. The Atkins' decided on the spot to buy the place, although it had tumble-down galvanised iron extensions, rickety old verandahs, barred and broken windows, and swinging shutters, in addition to its 22 dilapidated rooms and four small bathrooms.

On the way home Mr. and Mrs. Atkins drew up conversion plans for the house on the back of tram tickets.

Day and night they talked and dreamt about it, but only after they moved into the place did a more realistic and long-range plan take shape.

The first step was to clear away the maze of tumbledown extensions and remove the ugly overhanging verandahs. The sale of this debris netted them £60.

At this stage, they reluctantly decided to spend some of the "profit" on temporary repairs to make at least part of the house liveable before beginning the major conversion scheme.

Mrs. Atkins was tired of sleeping under an umbrella on wet nights and listening to the plop of rain water falling into basins placed about the room. They also repaired the circular drive, cut back trees, cleared the undergrowth, planted flowering trees and shrubs along the fine old stone wall at street-level, and made a garden of perennial flowers to outline the drive.

The arrival of their baby meant further delay to their plans and a rearrangement of rooms to provide a downstairs nursery and upstairs playroom.

Nevertheless, these intervening years gave Mrs. Atkins an opportunity to complete her plans for color schemes and furnishings, to design the furniture, and to work out estimates and detailed costs for every room in the house, now reduced to nine.

● See also pages 12, 13, and 17.

VIEW OF THE LOUNGE. Chairs, tables, and stools were designed by Mrs. Atkins, who made slip-covers, lampshades, and other accessories. This is a most attractive room with its soft lime-yellow walls, white woodwork, grey linen curtains, chairs covered in junior navy, turquoise, and chartreuse, and carefully chosen pictures and colorful rug.

ENTRANCE HALL in the modernised home of Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Atkins at Hunter's Hill, N.S.W. The walls are in palest lime-yellow. Junior navy and turquoise dress fabrics cover the divan and chairs. Colorful rugs are shown to advantage on the old American sugar-pine floor, which was stripped of layers of stain, sanded and polished.

EXTERIOR VIEW of Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Atkins' home in Stanley Road, Hunter's Hill, N.S.W. The central section of the house was built in 1857 by convict labor. Wings were added later.

WESTERN end of the lounge (right) shows the fireplace, corner fitments, and chairs grouped for conversation. Greenery, artistically arranged in flat bowls, takes the place of flowers.

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Dream Home continued

UPSTAIRS GUEST-ROOM in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Atkins, at Hunter's Hill, N.S.W., has an old-fashioned chimney from the ground-floor fireplace running through the centre. Striped dress fabric in green, white, and floral pastels was used for curtains, covers, lampshades, and stool flounces. The shelves and reconstructed pieces of furniture are painted pale yellow. The walls are white and the mats white-fringed green. Picture-frames are bound with string.

The house gets a face-lift

After Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Atkins had planned repairs, color schemes, and furnishings for their home, as described on page 11, Mrs. Atkins drew a plan of each room, in which she "placed" the furniture and even "hung" the pictures.

WHEN their plans and budgeting were complete to the last detail, the Atkins' ordered the furniture to be made, began the alterations, and shopped for furnishings.

Mrs. Atkins never deviated from her decision on fabrics and colors for the furnishings.

"The pre-shrinking of hundreds of yards of fabrics and curtain linings always followed my shopping sprees," said Mrs. Atkins.

Then came the long days and nights of sewing—three solid months of it, with her husband and a two-year-old to care for as well.

"My husband was busy at week-ends, too, for there was much to do to the interior before we started clearing, cleaning, and painting the rooms," Mrs. Atkins said.

"I made every curtain, cover, cushion, and bedspread. I decorated bowls and vases and fancy bottles with raffia and sea-grass and string as bases for table-lamps and as holders for greenery.

"I made picture-frames and painted trays and then decorated them. I made glass-mats from squares of wall-board and painted them to match trays. I also covered waste-paper baskets—one or two for every room."

Mrs. Atkins included many ingenious and practical ideas in the accessories. For instance, she made buttonholes in the chair-covers and sewed white enamel buttons to the upholstery. This gives the effect of studded upholstery when the covers are attached, yet they can be easily removed for washing.

A divan in the entrance hall has two identical covers, one in use, the other in the wash.

"As soon as I completed my handwork," Mrs. Atkins said, "everything was labelled and packed away. As the pieces of furniture arrived they, too, were stored.

"In the meantime, my husband had used wall-board to repair and screen off certain rooms, fix the ceiling on the staircase-landing and on the upstairs guest-room. He also built in the cupboards.

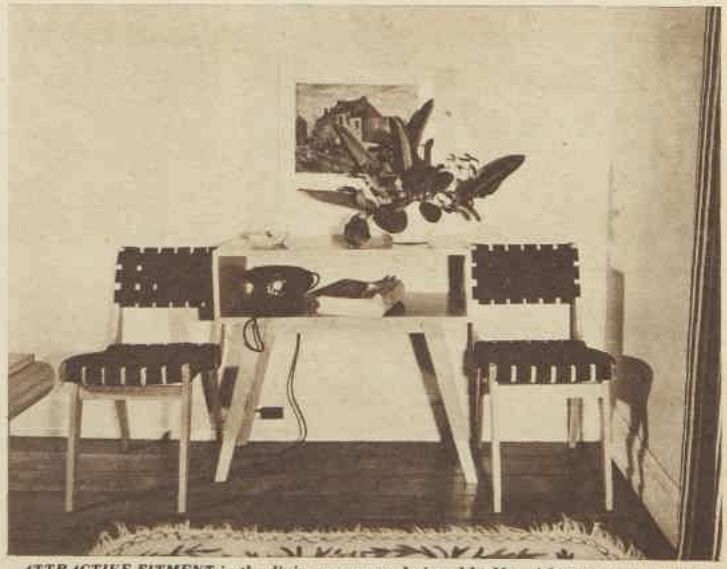
"Then we started on the heaviest work of all — the cleaning of walls and ceilings, and the painting.

"We had engaged men for this work, but they were slow, and bored with the job. So we saved £600 by doing the work ourselves.

"We had almost three months of scrubbing down walls and ceilings, and sand-papering woodwork. It took pounds of plaster-patching material to fill the holes and cracks in the walls. Our working clothes literally stood up with it.

"We bought washable paint and mixed it ourselves to get the desired colors.

"My husband painted the ceilings and I painted nearly all the walls while he was at the office.



ATTRACTIVE FITMENT in the dining-room was designed by Mrs. Atkins to accommodate the telephone as well as serve as a decorative unit in the furnishing scheme.

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SON OWEN'S ROOM (above) has French-grey walls, white-and-green curtains and bedcovers featuring a conventional sailing-ship design. Mrs. Atkins designed the unit furniture to "grow" with her son.

"All the woodwork, including the insides of cupboards, had three coats of paint; in some instances we gave them four or five coats before we were satisfied.

"We lived on paint. Once the roast got a coat of pale blue enamel. Sometimes my hair was thick with it. When I went visiting it was easier to cut out the chunky bits than remove the paint.

"Then the day came when the last painting job was done and the 'sanders and polishers' took over. It was a week of excitement, for our work was nearly over.

"I adored the roar of the sanding and polishing machines and the noise made by the hammers when the nails, handmade close on a century ago, were being driven into the flooring boards.

"Then we started putting everything in place. It took us from Friday to Monday to place everything according to plan, including the fitting of the wooden pelmets, which my husband had made.

"Everything was perfect—just as we had planned. The only items I'd overlooked on my shopping tours were the blue candles for the lounge and the wall-hangers for my heirloom plates in the dining-room."

Mrs. Atkins added, "Our home is not elaborate, but it is a colorful, friendly, and easy-to-care-for house.

"I wanted it to be a place which my husband and son could enjoy, a place where I wouldn't be a household drudge. I have my wish.

"I need no help, yet I have plenty of leisure in which to enjoy our home and garden, family and friends."

• Other pictures of this home are shown in color on page 17.

DRESSING-ROOM has nearly three walls of cupboards. The color scheme is French-grey, white, and lime-yellow.

MODERN KITCHEN has the west wall at left and the east wall at right. The north window overlooks the front garden and entrance; a glass-topped stable door (south wall) leads to the terrace. See kitchen plans at left and below.

It's wonderful what you can do with LIGHT

Although the first and most important function of light is to make it easy for people to SEE clearly and comfortably, light plays a big part, too, in building atmosphere, in lending charm and warmth to even the simplest home. No decoration scheme is complete without attention to the lighting requirements, both from a practical and an æsthetic angle. Your own ingenuity and imagination will suggest many ways in which light may be employed. Here are just a few suggestions from Philips Lighting Service Bureau which may start you thinking.

LIGHT IN THE LIVING ROOM

For general illumination, the judicious use of Philips fluorescent lighting can do wonders in giving the living room a "new look." Fluorescent tubes provide adequate, delightfully soft, all-over shadowless light. Philips "warm white" tubes mounted behind the curtain pelmets are an effective way of achieving a dramatic effect with curtains. An IES "better light, better sight" unit, fitted with at least a 100-watt Philips lamp, is the minimum recommendation for close-seeing. Besides providing a pleasant atmosphere, these lamps in standard or table models *protect your eyes against strain* when reading or sewing. Living room atmosphere is enhanced when murals and pictures are featured by spotlighting or the careful placing of wall lamps. Illustrated above are two Philips Colorenta tubular lamps which add an attractive touch to a modern setting.

LIGHT IN THE KITCHEN

In the kitchen, the accent should be on *plenty of light.* Statistics show that most household accidents occur here and good lighting helps to prevent them. To provide this high level of illumination—and at a low running cost—fluorescent tubes, mounted in fittings to suit the room, are the ideal choice. For added convenience, lights should be installed over the stove and the sink. These can be concealed in the wall or ceiling or, as in the illustration, can be the modern, directional-style lamp.

LIGHT IN THE BEDROOM

Using a few simple lighting effects, the home decorator can add atmosphere and functional good looks to the most ordinary bedroom. Fluorescent lamps in concealed or ceiling-mounted fittings will provide adequate general illumination. Two Philips 20-watt Philinea tubular lamps mounted on each side of the dressing table mirror are perfect for dressing or make-up. Again, this particular lamp is ideally suited for mounting on the head of the bed for reading. Most useful is a Philips tubular lamp mounted *inside* the wardrobe. Operated by a plunger-type switch which is "on" only when the door is open, this lamp provides illumination for the usually dark wardrobe interior.

SOME SPECIAL EFFECTS

Philips Colorenta or Philinea lamps can be used to special advantage on entrance porches or verandahs. They provide a welcome light for visitors and, even unlit, are distinctly attractive. Another suggestion is the use of lighting in the garden. Besides providing illumination for odd gardening jobs after sunset, a subtly concealed lighting system can transform your garden into a fairyland by night. Other special effects inside the home include the use of light behind a ground-glass panel on which is stood a vase of flowers or some item of pottery . . . a remarkably distinctive effect.

There is literally no limit to the number of ways you may use light to achieve decorative yet practical effects. Whatever decisions you finally make, be sure that PHILIPS lamps of adequate wattage are used as the source of light.

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LIVING-ROOM and dining-area in the flat which won first prize in a home-furnishing contest in Stockholm, Sweden. The ceiling and three walls are white, and the fourth wall is turquoise-blue. Two rugs, one black and the other turquoise-blue, are placed on the polished oak floor. Curtains are in black-and-white printed fabric. The sofa and one easy chair are grey, with cushioned seats in vivid stripes of cyclamen, turquoise, and grey. One chair is upholstered in lime-yellow fabric. The comfortable cane chairs have black wrought-iron legs and soft green cushions.

Prize plan for a modern Swedish flat

A store in Stockholm, Sweden, which is claimed to be the largest in Europe, recently sponsored a contest in which Swedish women were asked to submit designs for decorating a small modern house or flat.

By EVE GYE

THE winning design for a flat was selected from 28,000 entries.

Points were awarded for: (1) streamlined comfort; (2) ease of upkeep; (3) furniture design; (4) attractive color scheme; (5) choice of fabric; (6) disposition of lighting; (7) selection of accessories.

Mrs. Bjurkmann, leading interior decorator and a director of the store, furnished a flat according to the prize plan.

Thousands of people went to see it.

In Scandanavia, lighting is regarded as one of the important factors in modern decor. That is why points were awarded for disposition of lights in this contest.

In Finland, lighting fixtures are the most important parts of many furnishing schemes.

Almost every home has its pendant lamp, which can be raised or lowered at will, set above the dining table. The shades may be simple or ornate, and are made of brass, copper, chromium, opalescent glass or fabric.

Angle or "goose neck" lighting for wall, table, or floor is in general use. Strip lighting is considered a necessity for the kitchen and for cupboards and alcoves. In Finland I saw tall, slender floor-lamps resembling a bunch of lilies. The stems were gilded rods and the light bulbs were encased in large opalescent glass bells that drooped artistically.

SECTION of living-room in the prize-winning flat shows the unit shelves and cupboards.

BEDROOM has blue-and-white dotted walls, white marquisette curtains, midnight-blue rug, flounced cover in blue, green, white, and cocoa tonings. The cosmetic table is attached to the wall.

STUDY: One wall is in light blue seagrass. Others are painted white. Curtains are black and white. Sofa is covered in natural-toned fabric with plaid effect in light and dark green and a hint of grey. Easy chair is in green.

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Dream Home continued

Color comfort in modern living

OUTDOOR LIVING area opens off both kitchen and dining-room in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Atkins, Hunter's Hill, N.S.W. Yellow plant-boxes in the background were discarded washtubs.

Here are more pictures of the old and dilapidated house at Hunter's Hill, N.S.W., that Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Atkins converted into a modern, colorful, and easy-to-care-for home. Story and other pictures, with a kitchen cupboard plan, appear on pages 11, 12, and 13.

MAIN BEDROOM: The color scheme of this room was inspired by the picture above the bed. Walls are French-grey with white woodwork. The yellow bedspread and the dressing-table flounce, also cushions and lampshades, were made by Mrs. Atkins.

DINING-ROOM is strikingly modern with its ash furniture, designed by Mrs. Atkins, junior-navy-and-white curtains, strapped chairs, and colorful rugs. Walls match the lounge and halls.

GUEST BEDROOM (right) has orchid-pink walls, white woodwork, mulberry-toned carpet, cerulean-blue curtains, and blue-and-white chintz spreads. The cosmetic table and shelves are combined.

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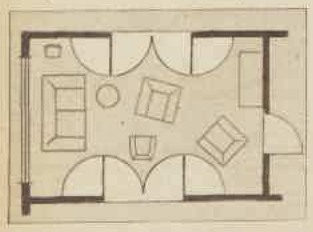
I made my Living Room 27 sq. feet LARGER —and I only changed to sliding doors

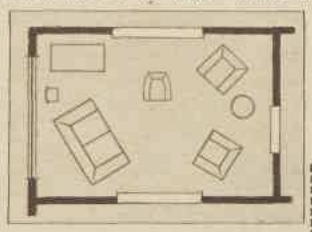
"Steady on," said our architect when I told him how I wanted my living room . . . French doors onto the terrace, double doors into the dining room, direct access to the kitchen. "Remember every door you swing eats nine square feet out of your usable floor space. To get the most out of that room you need sliding doors."

How ordinary doors were eating up Mrs. Jones' floor space



We took his advice and how smart those sliding doors look. There's not a thing to be seen apart from the beauty of the door—the track and fittings are built right inside the wall and the door slides back into the cavity. I have even run wall-to-wall carpet from living room to dining room because there is no floor track to interfere — everything's up above. And, with sliding doors on Bangor track, not an inch of space is wasted. I was able to move the lounge back to a sunny corner and the desk isn't banged any more.

How sliding doors gave Mrs. Jones extra furniture space



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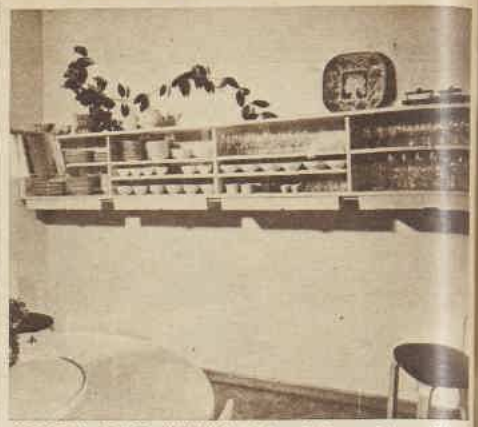
Shelf ideas



***MODERN WALL BUFFET** designed by architect Inkeri England for the dining-room of his home at Drumso, Finland. This fitment holds the china and glass for table use. Mrs. England considers it convenient and space-saving.*

● Whether used as units, built-in, attached to the wall, or treated as screens, shelves now play an important part in interior decoration.

SEVERAL new European ideas for using shelves decoratively are presented here.

The wall buffet shown above is the most unusual. It takes the place of a sideboard in the dining-room of an architect's home at Drumso, Finland, and is space-saving and practical as well as decorative.

The Swedish cosmetic wall fitment illustrated below is an excellent space-saver for a small room. The flap when opened serves as a make-up table.

Another shelf idea that is sure to interest the homemaker whose living-room is combined with the dining-room is shown at the foot of this page.

These shelves serve as a screen between the living and dining areas in a modern house at Milan, Italy. Instead of the usual bric-a-brac or books, the shelves hold potted plants.

***COSMETIC** shelf fitment (left) in the guest room of Mrs. Bjorkman - Berglund's flat in Stockholm, Sweden. The opened flap serves as a make-up table. The mirrored door to the miniature cupboard opens on shelves which hold medicines and first - aid requirements.*

***COMBINED** shelf and cupboard fitment (right) in a new home in Zurich, Switzerland, was primarily designed to hold books. The cupboard houses cocktail glasses, and the top is useful for bric-a-brac and flowers.*

***SHELVES** holding attractively potted plants to give an illusion of a garden setting are used between the living and dining areas in a modern house at Milan, Italy. Easy to copy, this idea will attract those with similar rooms.*

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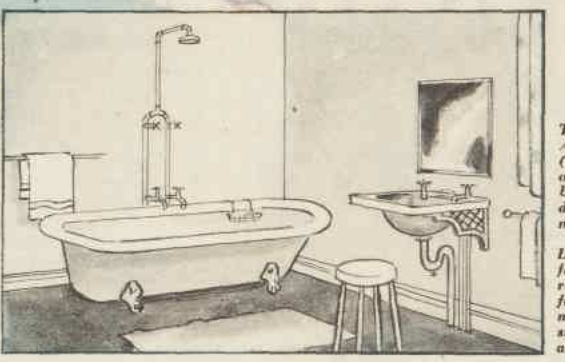

TRANSFORMATION SCENE (above) when an old-fashioned bathroom is re-decorated in the modern manner.

LEFT: The old-fashioned bathroom in need of a face-lift can be modernised at a small cost if imagination is used.

BATHROOM TRANSFORMED

By JOAN MARTIN

The illustration above will, I hope, give some encouragement to those who are struggling along with an old-fashioned bathroom, not daring to modernise it because of the cost of new fittings and possibly new plumbing.

TO modernise the bathroom as I suggest would cost money, but by comparison with the usual upheaval that is involved in such an undertaking the expense is negligible.

Tempered building-board would be an ideal material to use for the alteration. Your local carpenter or hardware store would give you sound advice as to which material would be the best for your job.

To buy a new bath would be costly, and to make a separate shower recess, even if the space were available, even more so.

However, by enclosing the bath with pressed or ply wood the effect is immediately modern. The canopied top is both decorative and practical, because it hides the rather ugly, old-fashioned shower-fitting.

The old-fashioned wash-basin also gets a face-lift. You can see how attractive it now looks with its modern counter-top and pretty frilled skirt.

The counter and valance can be made of the same material as the rest of the woodwork.

A laminated counter-top, although a little more expensive, would be excellent, as it would never need to be painted and would be impervious to spilt liquids; it is also fireproof.

Shelves for cosmetics, toilet articles, spare towels, or racks to take shoes which are not in constant use can be hidden by the skirt.

The mirror has been given a wooden frame and could be painted to match or contrast with your color scheme.

An added luxury which is not shown would be a light fixture above the mirror, which would give a perfect light for shaving or for making-up.

The lattice effect on the wall and round the valance is gained by using patterned washable wall-paper. An oil-painted wall or sheets of pressed wood grooved to give the effect of tiles would be effective.

The decorations are pretty, but are a matter of personal choice.

If you like the idea of the decorations but don't feel equal to the art work involved, there are some attractive transfers available.

For those who like to have their dressing-table in the bathroom — and I certainly do—the one illustrated at the right may appeal, as it would fit in so well with the decorative scheme.

Ordinary unbleached calico or sheeting would be suitable for the material, or perhaps you would prefer to use plastic.

I would rather have calico. It is cheap, washes well, and wears indefinitely.

The little green tassels could be attached with safety pins so that they would be easy to remove when laundering becomes necessary.

If the bathrom floor is shabby, and you are not able to afford the luxury of a new one, don't despair. A cement floor will always take on a new lease of life if a good paving paint is used on it.

To-day it is possible to get this paint in many attractive shades, including a pale grey that is almost silver, which fits in well with any color scheme.

If, however, the floor is tiled but the surface is faded and worn, you can use an outsize bath-mat to cover up defects. The new tufted cotton washable mats are ideal for this purpose. Two or three joined together would make a practical and attractive bathroom carpet.

As some final thoughts on the subject of bathrooms, have you ever considered:

- Using a rubber mat (the kind that is meant for use on a kitchen drainboard) at the bottom of the bath? Is is invaluable for preventing accidents caused by slipping and is especially good for elderly people?
- Hanging a plastic drawstring bag near the bath for odds and ends.
- Having an individual colored toothbrush and tumbler for each member of the family.

TASSELLED, SKIRTED dressing-table with a three-sided mirror is a bathroom boon (right). It saves the clutter of cosmetics in the bedroom.

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SMILING PAIR. Mr. and Mrs. George Marshall Jones leaving St. Peter's Church, Kensington Park Road, London, after their wedding, following a whirlwind courtship.

Romance began on ship

Perth girl's marriage to wealthy American

Australian journalist 21-year-old Jill Cockshott, of Perth, has married 23-year-old wealthy American playboy George Marshall Jones III after a 17-day romance.

By ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff

JILL and George met at a shipboard party in the Empress of Canada when Jill and her mother, Mrs. Frank Cockshott, were travelling from Canada to England. Jill and George are now on their way to Australia.

When the ship was three days out of Montreal, Jill, who was travelling tourist-class, was invited to a small party in the first-class part of the ship. There she met George.

"We just clicked," Jill told me.

At the time, George was travelling with friends and had intended going on to the Continent. But when the Empress docked he was so enamored with Jill's "funny accent" that he said good-bye to his friends and spent the week-end squiring her and her mother around London. Two days later Jill and George were engaged.

George Marshall Jones III, of Rochester, New York, is admittedly one of the "idle rich."

A strapping, handsome "Greek god" type with an infectious grin, he is heir to an industrial fortune of millions of dollars.

The pair wanted to round off their week of romance by getting married immediately, but they ran up against the British law that requires a fortnight's waiting period.

This delay distressed Jill and George, but not Mrs. Cockshott, to whom events seemed to have moved a bit too fast.

Finally she was won over by the young American.

Mrs. Cockshott was unable to remain in London for the wedding, as it would have meant forfeiting a precious berth on the Himalaya for the voyage home.

She sailed the day before the ceremony, which was held on November 29 at St. Peter's, Kensington Park Road.

Jill's cousins, Margaret and Joan Gutteridge, of Melbourne, were bridesmaids, and John Gutteridge was best man. Dr. Eric Gutteridge was also among the guests.

The newlyweds spent their honeymoon in a suite at the Savoy Hotel.

One day Jill was able to offer film star Ava Gardner a lift in the Daimler they had hired while they were in London.

Ava was tapping her foot impatiently for a taxi in front of the Savoy when Jill and George came out, and Jill said, "You can have a lift in our Daimler if you like."

Said Ava, with a terrific sweep of her lashes: "I've always longed to travel in a Daimler!"

But the chauffeur took so long to manipulate the great big Daimler in the little Savoy Hotel drive that Ava had to hop out and catch a taxi after all.

The honeymooners flew to the United States, where Jill was greeted joyfully by George's widowed mother, Mrs. Hugh McKean Jones.

The Jones family trace their fortune from grandfather George Marshall Jones I, a Pittsburg ironmonger, who got in on the "ground floor" of the steel industry, then sold out at a fabulous figure.

So wisely did grandpa invest his money that, in the words of his contemporary namesake: "We've done nothing except live decadent lives ever since."

George attended fashionable Culver Military Academy and graduated from the University of Virginia. His hobby is sports cars.

Mrs. Jones threw lavish parties in honor of her son and his bride at her homes at L'Orignol, Ontario, and in Rochester, New York.

Jill, who has been living out of a suitcase for the past eight months, and has crossed the Atlantic five times in six months, was anxious to do a bit of settling down. So the George Marshall Jones' sailed for England, on their way to Australia, on the liner United States, after a last Christmas-week fling in New York from the Waldorf-Astoria.

The settling-down includes a long visit to Perth, beginning next month.

"George wants to get a beach house near Perth," Jill told me.

"After that we plan to live in California, where George will write a book."

Before she left for her tour abroad, her first, Jill was on the Perth staff of The Australian Women's Weekly.

With her mother she toured England and France, then went to Canada to see her sister, Colinette, whose husband, Robert Semmens, is an atomic scientist at Chalk River, Ontario.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE MARSHALL JONES, left, drink a toast with wedding attendants and friends. A number of Australians were among the guests at the wedding.

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Beautiful mannequin weds Scottish earl

Glamorous ceremony attended by the Queen, Princess

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

The most fabulous wedding in three hundred years of Scottish history took place at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, when former London mannequin Jane McNeill became the Countess of Dalkeith.

The 29-year-old bridegroom, the Earl of Dalkeith, is heir to the Duke of Buccleuch's great estates and titles, and was regarded as one of Britain's most eligible young bachelors.

THE beautiful 22-year-old bride is the daughter of Mr. John McNeill, Q.C., a hard-working barrister in Hongkong, and Mrs. McNeill, who once gave piano lessons to help in the education of her only child.

The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Princess Margaret were guests at the wedding.

It was the first time a sovereign has attended a wedding in St. Giles' Cathedral since the days of Mary Queen of Scots, and romantic and historically minded Scots were there to see Her Majesty arrive in the Royal train and drive to the Cathedral.

She wore a purple coat with black Persian lamb trimming and a purple hat.

The fair-haired Jane was a radiant bride, wearing a fairy-tale frock and with the magnificent diamonds of the Buccleuch family round her neck and the heirloom diamond tiara holding her tulle veil.

Sixteen hundred guests at St. Giles' Cathedral and at the reception in the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, after the ceremony, thoroughly approved the Earl of Dalkeith's choice, and thought her worthy of her destiny as the future mistress of six stately homes.

Jane McNeill was the bride every girl dreams of. She had everything a bride could wish for, including a gown of shimmering white lace with a mayflower pattern picked out in silver to match the diamond tiara of the Buccleuchs.

Hardy Amies, the Queen's dressmaker, made the gown.

It had a full-trained skirt mounted on layers of tulle and seven petticoats, ranging from silk to horsehair, a low heart-shaped neckline, and tight sleeves.

Jane has a 22-inch waist and a lovely carriage, and her poise never faltered, even when dropping a deep curtsy to the Queen and Princess Margaret on her way to the altar.

Such elegance and beauty made Jane the bride of the year.

Jane McNeill was not one of the stars of London high society when she met the eligible and much-sought-after "Johnnie" Dalkeith.

She was working as a mannequin at Norman Hartnell's, and while the Earl's name was being linked romantically with that of Princess Margaret, a small circle of Jane's friends in Hongkong were just as sure it was an ordinary working girl he had fallen in love with and would marry.

Jane broke off from her modelling work in the middle of the season to fly home to her parents in Hongkong.

Soon after they came to Scotland to prepare for their daughter's wedding.

Mist shrouded the city and engulfed the "Royal Mile," where thousands of spectators waited to see the Royal party arrive at St. Giles' Cathedral, followed by the bride — a shimmer of white and silver behind her retinue of child attendants headed by Prince Richard of Gloucester.

Mist grounded all aircraft, preventing the newlyweds from flying on the first stage of their honeymoon journey to Corsica, and mist held up the transport of guests to the reception from the Cathedral.

It interfered with the clockwork timing of arrivals and departures, so that the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with Princess Margaret, had to leave early.

Princess Margaret, in a mole-colored velvet coat with fur trimming over a vivid tangerine soft taffeta party frock, was sweet and smiling but rather subdued in mood at the church and reception, although the merry twinkle that was never far away from her eyes was soon back as usher Billy Wallace joined the Royal party in the private drawing-room.

Fairy-tale frock and diamonds

Inherited flair

AT the wedding they talked about the Queen and how she had inherited her mother's flair for putting everyone at ease. From the moment she arrived and took her place in the bridal group for the official photograph, everybody —even the photographers— lost the feeling of tension.

The guests also talked about the pretty curtsies the children dropped and the deep bows well rehearsed by the little boys; Prince William, who wasn't in the photograph, peeping round the door; the delightful shade of parma violet worn by the bride's mother, exactly matching her eyes; the suntan not yet worn off John McNeill's face.

Folk who live in the Scottish border country asked about the wedding of the Hon. Henrietta Loder to Mr. J. W. Reader Harris, which will take place in mid-April. The Hon. Henrietta is the daughter of Lord Wakehurst, Governor of Northern Ireland and a former Governor of N.S.W., and Lady Wakehurst, who was telling friends she finds Northern Ireland like Australia — "nice and friendly."

Film star Douglas Fairbanks and his wife came to Edinburgh well in time for the wedding.

The Earl of Dalkeith arrived early at the Cathedral so that he could hear the wedding music specially composed and dedicated to the bride by Dr. Herbert Howells.

It was very much a family wedding, and among the guests were one thousand employees from the Buccleuch estates, who arrived by special train from the border country.

The future squire's wife did herself no disservice in personally addressing all wedding invitations and personally arranging all transport and hotel accommodation.

Because I was taking a photographer, she wrote me four pages of instructions where he would stand and sent a plan of the room in which her wedding pictures would be taken. It was the bride's idea to turn on a shuttle service of 30 buses from the Cathedral to the reception to get guests there more quickly in the fog and in time to see the Royal Family, who had to leave an hour early because of a revised schedule for the Royal train.

Old Angus the shepherd, up from the border country with a party of shepherds, farmers, village shopkeepers, gamekeepers, and other estate workers, said, "We are right proud of her. What a picture she made. She looked like a Snow Princess."

All their pride welled up as the lovely bride left after her forty-minute wedding service, conducted by the Bishop of Edinburgh.

There was a skirl of pipes by the kilted Edinburgh pipers as the bridal party came out of the Cathedral.

After the official photographs were taken in the west drawing-room at the Assembly Rooms came the two-hour-long reception, when each guest, Royalty and farm workers alike, queued and shook hands with the parents and the bride and groom in a splendid setting of red carpets, white flowers, and glinting chandeliers.

The retinue of child attendants played about and were caught and admonished by nannies, escaped and slid joyfully on polished dance floors, and hid and found each other in and around the flower-banked pillars in the music rooms, where champagne flowed from long buffet tables.

"I can't find the slidey floor," young Prince Richard of Gloucester complained to me. He was with Michael Farquhar, the bride's cousin. Prince Richard wore a Royal Stuart tartan, Michael a McNeill kilt.

The little girl attendants wore white tulle dresses and cute Kate Greenaway capes in red velvet with red velvet mittens and shoes.

Four bridesmaids

THEY were Lady Caroline Percy and Lady Victoria Percy, daughters of the Duchess of Nunburnholme and nieces of the bridegroom; Jean Scott, daughter of Lord and Lady William Scott, the bridegroom's cousins; and Cherry Cairns, daughter of Major and Mrs. Hugh Cairns.

The six pages were headed by Prince Richard, and were Master David Scott, the bridegroom's cousin, and the son of Lord George Scott; the Hon. David Ward, son of Lord Ednam; Master Alistair Bruce, son of the Hon. Morys and Mrs. Bruce; William Legge, son of Mrs. Gerald Legge; and Michael Farquhar, cousin of the bride.

Nearly all the 1600 guests managed to squeeze into the music-room for the cutting of the three-tiered wedding cake on a raised platform.

Twelve burly kilted pipers made a guard of honor for the bride and groom, and there was a "crush" of duchesses beneath the orchid-banked platform to see the bridal couple trying to cut the enormous cake.

Both were exhausted by shaking hands with the guests and could scarcely grasp the huge silver knife.

They sawed away happily amid the uproarious laughter of the guests. Finally they gave up and an usher made the first cut.

The Royal party left before the cake-cutting ceremony and many guests also left before the bride had changed into her travelling dress.

She wore a camellia-pink wool frock and facecloth coat with a matching bonnet-shaped hat.

Carrying a beauty box and a wireless set, the bride and bridegroom left showered with rose-petals amid hunting cries and calls of "Good Old Johnnie-boy" from many friends, including Sandy Ramsay, who had come from his new estate-management job in Aberdeen.

Left by train

THERE was a rumor that the bridal couple had slipped off in a car to motor through the fog to London en route to Paris, Nice, and Corsica. But they booked on the train as "Mr. and Mrs. Scott." Then mischievous-looking best man John Synge arrived at the railway station armed with brushes, shoes, bottles, and all the necessary equipment to make apple-pie beds in "Mr. and Mrs. Scott's" compartments.

A few minutes later the honeymooners arrived, and at the request of the crowds leaned from the windows, waving as the train pulled out for London.

They left amid cheers from the crowd, who had witnessed the happiest and loveliest wedding of the year.

HAPPY COUPLE. The Earl and Countess of Dalkeith leaving St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, after their wedding, at which the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Princess Margaret were guests. The bride wore a beautiful gown of flower-patterned lace and the diamond tiara and necklace belonging to her husband's family.—Radiogram.

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YOUTH SUMS UP

Conducted by BETTY BEST

It takes two to quarrel: just one to make it up

QUARRELS can arise from the most trivial misunderstandings or quite serious differences. The important thing is to work out whether you and your antagonist would be happier apart, or whether, with a little more tolerance, you could avoid having tiffs.

On a general round-up of reasons for quarrelling I find that at least 75 per cent. of them are put down to jealousy.

Joan, who is 19 and is a private secretary just arrived from England, said that a few years of experience with jealous boy-friends have taught her that quarrels really weren't worth while.

"There was a time when I used to get quite upset if I had a bit of a tiff with a boy," she said. "But then I found that most of their reasons for starting the trouble were pretty trivial.

"For instance, I might have accepted an invitation to go to see a picture with Jim that I had already discussed with Max. Now Max had never really arranged a date.

"Gracious! An argument would flare up with Max in no time. He would start off in a horrified voice, saying, 'But you promised to come with me,' and from there on we would work up into an awful rumpus.

"Now I think girls are silly if they take any notice of this sort of thing. After all, it's only another form of bullying. The boy wants his own way more than anything, and he doesn't care whether it's what you want, too. Any boy with that outlook is not worth worrying about, so it's easier to drop him than to go on fighting over points that don't mean anything.

"I might not have so many boys now, but the ones who are available aren't troublemakers, so I have a much happier time."

Kindergarten trainee Carol, who is 18, had her quarrels on quite a different score.

"When I first left school I used to insist on paying my own fare or for my movie ticket whenever I was with the crowd," she said.

"I did it because the boys of my own age were students or just starting in jobs and didn't have much money. I was certain I was doing the right thing, but after I met Tim I began to doubt it. Tim was more serious than the other boys and a bit shy. My habit seemed to annoy him.

"We were going home from the pictures one night, and after I paid my fare Tim just sat, quite silent, and hardly spoke when we reached my place.

"I couldn't work it out at first because he had seemed so fond of me before and we used to talk for hours. Then at last it came out. He said he didn't think it was feminine to have out my purse every time we got on a bus.

"Then he rushed out of the house and I didn't hear from him for a week. In the end I had to ring him up and apologise, because I could see I'd been in the wrong. It's been all right every since and I think we're better friends now because we understand each other better."

Jane is 16 and is an office girl in a big publishing company. She says she's very proud of her record of never having had a quarrel with any boy in her life.

"I think it's because I never go steady," she said. "I think that makes for trouble at my age. Anyhow, whatever it is, I've been going out with boys for ages now and I've never had one row with them yet.

"Of course, I've had rows with other girls — mostly over boys. They don't last too long, because boys aren't really worth it anyhow."

George is 19, a clerk in an office by day and an aspiring amateur actor whenever he has the spare time.

"I usually average about two rows in an evening, which may sound awful, but it's not really because they soon blow over," said George. "I have about three steady girl friends and they all like to go dancing on Wednesdays or Fridays.

"But I don't like dancing because I can't dance. I also go to rehearsals on those two nights. Nothing will make me give those up because they're so important to me.

"I'm pretty good friends with them really, so the rows that arise on this subject don't last long. I just flatter them a bit by saying how nice they look.

"The one row I really can't talk myself out of is quite different. All the girls' fathers love fishing. It's my favorite sport, too. When I go to their places for tea the fathers always start talking fishing to me. The next thing I know I'm being swept out of the house, the girl is in a rage, and we've missed the first feature. That usually takes a week to live down.

"The only other thing I have regular rows about is that I won't sit through a bad film. If I don't like it and can see at the beginning that it's not going to be any good, I like to walk out and stop wasting time.

"None of the girls I know agrees with this. They all think you should sit it out just in case it gets good. Or perhaps because one of their favorite actors is making a ham of himself all over the screen."

SOME SOFT ANSWERS TO TURN WRATH AWAY

IF you have "had words" it is not a bad idea to use a few more in a pleasanter vein which show that you are the sort of person who can see both points of view. Try these:

"I think I got off the track somewhere — let's discuss something I know more about."

"I can see your point there."

"Arguing with you is never as bad as it is with most people — you never lose your temper."

"Well, let's leave it at that. You've helped me see something I'd never realised before."

"Shall we drop it till I cool off? I'm afraid I behaved rather badly. I never make sense when I get excited."

DISC DIGEST

THE first popular release to come from H.M.V. this year will make you sit up and take notice. Don't be misled by the title, but "Cowpuncher's Cantata" is one of the most original platters in years. It's a rollicking parody on some of the recent hits, and it even pokes a dig at Yma Sumac. Max Bygraves is the artist and he puts Spike Jones in the shade. He's slick without being zany. Buy EA4095 without hesitation. Reverse is "True Loves and False Lovers."

★ ★ ★

ON DO3515 we have Jo Stafford in two different moods. Her elaborate vocalising makes "Stardust" a honey of a waxing, while on the platter-mate she's "Gambella" (The Gambling Lady). She's partnered by Frankie Laine and I think you'll want this disc.

★ ★ ★

YOU'LL also like Woody Herman's sax solo which dominates David Rose's performance of "Harlem Nocturne" on MGM5116. This music reminds me of parts of Alex North's fine score for the "Streetcar" film. It's blue and lowdown. Coupling is "On a Little Country Road in Switzerland." With such an open-air title, the echo-chamber sound effects seem rather incongruous. Still, it's quite a tuneful disc.

★ ★ ★

PARLOPHONE'S A7800 introduces Ian Stewart at the piano in two dance-tempo medleys: Scottish quicksteps and Irish waltzes. Tunes are familiar and Ian is a "pianner man" in the Carroll Gibbons style. A good party record.

★ ★ ★

JUST to prove that all cowboy discs are not mournful dirges, listen to Hank Williams singing "Baby, We're Really in Love" on MGM5128. The lyrics are good and Hank puts them over with gusto.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

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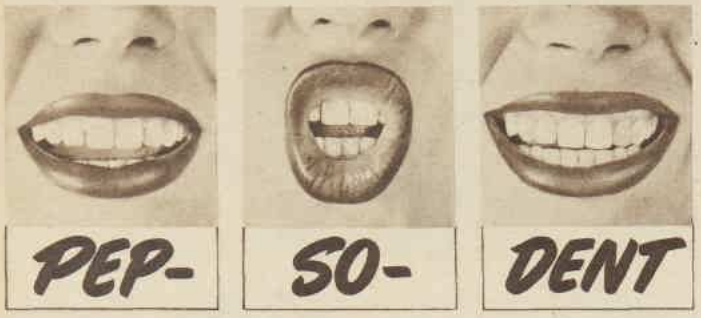

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Z.229.WW83g

Million-dollar show for Ike

From our New York office

Animals will fare better than humans for quarters during the three days when Washington goes through the quadrennial rite and festival of a Presidential Inauguration.

INAUGURAL PROCESSION of President Truman heading for the White House, where he reviewed the rest of the parade.

THE animals — about 400 of them, including three elephants, symbols of the Republican Party — will take part in the inaugural parade.

They will find plush accommodation and best-quality hay at nearby racecourses. The people—more than 500,000 of them—will scramble for hotel beds and meals, jostle for seats in reviewing stands, and bid for tickets to the two Inaugural balls and assorted concerts, shows, and cocktail parties.

All the shoving and pushing will be on a grander scale than ever before.

The Republicans, taking over from the Democrats after 20 lean years out of office, are officially sinking a record 1,100,000 dollars (£A500,000) into the three days' festivities, not counting additional millions going into private parties and celebrations.

All the pomp and pageantry centre on one climactic hour on Tuesday, January 20.

On his "last mile" as President, Harry Truman escorts General Eisenhower from the White House to the Capitol steps. Eisenhower takes the oath of office. Then the two men, their roles and seating positions reversed, return down Pennsylvania Avenue.

What Truman and Eisenhower will talk about during their journey, if they talk at all, makes interesting speculation.

When Herbert Hoover escorted Franklin Roosevelt to the inauguration in 1933, Roosevelt spoke hardly a word to his defeated rival.

President Truman said some harsh things about General Eisenhower during the campaign. In a telegram of congratulations on the election, he pointedly offered Ike his personal aeroplane for a promised trip to Korea, if he "still intended" to make the trip.

To this affront and others, Eisenhower, always the soul of dignity and restraint, turned the other cheek.

Since November, Harry Truman has visibly become reconciled to his party's defeat. Indications are that the trip up Pennsylvania Avenue will find both in good spirits and dutifully cordial.

Three times in the past, bad feeling between the outgoing and incoming Presidents marred the proceedings. President John Adams was angry at Thomas Jefferson and left before Jefferson's inauguration.

His son, John Quincy Adams, likewise refused to be seen at Andrew Jackson's swearing-in; Ulysses S. Grant wouldn't ride in the same coach with President Andrew Johnson to Capitol Hill.

"Refined simplicity"

ALTHOUGH the inauguration festivities will certainly be the most elaborate and expensive in history, the economy-preaching Republicans, mindful of Eisenhower's request for a "plain and simple" inauguration, will lay it on with some restraint.

"It's not going to be a circus," insists Joseph C. McGarraghy, Inaugural Committee Chairman.

"We're trying to keep the entertainment on a high level. We're not putting on a 'wing-ding.' We'll conform to the principle of simplicity—refined simplicity."

But a mammoth Inaugural Parade with gaudy floats, 50 Hollywood stars to entertain the night before the Inauguration, a special service to find lost babies along the parade route, 340 American Indians, and 49 horses to escort Vice-President-elect Nixon—all this may put Ike's party in the circus business anyway.

The oath of office is administered to the incoming President by the Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court. The occasion will be witnessed by some 15,000 favored citizens, pressmen, photographers, and diplomats, as well as an estimated 60 million Americans watching television sets.

General Eisenhower will place his hand on the Bible used by George Washington when the first President took the oath in New York in 1789.

To ward off the January chill, the eight Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, lined up in a black-robed row behind Chief Justice Fred Vinson, will wear traditional skull caps.

Grandstands along the parade route and up Pennsylvania Avenue have been built to seat approximately 65,000 at prices ranging up to 12 dollars each. They won't be enough, but, short of moving the Capitol farther away from the White House or changing the traditional route, nothing can be done about it.

Huge guest-lists

TWO identical Inaugural balls had to be scheduled instead of one—but even so they will accommodate only about one-fifth of the 50,000 persons who have sought tickets.

The catch is that few of the visitors will be average. For the most part they will consist of wealthy businessmen eager to assist at the wake of the Roosevelt-Truman regime.

They will want to see and be seen by the bigwigs of the incoming Administration and Congress who will control the disbursement of thousands of millions in government funds in the next four years.

The only thing that can dampen the zeal of the celebrants is, of course, the weather. One co-operative Republican has even offered to do something about that.

Jack Hubbard, who runs Weather Projects, Inc., has written to Mr. McGarraghy offering to ensure clear skies for 10,000 dollars a day.

Another helpful citizen has offered—at no charge—to hold General Eisenhower's silk top hat during the swearing-in.

Mr. McGarraghy declined both offers with thanks.

EXCITING FICTION NEXT WEEK

● Continuing our big fiction feature of summer holiday reading, next week's issue will contain the first of a series of special novels each to be completed in two long parts.

The first novel, "The Seagull Said Murder," by Australian Margot Neville, is a sophisticated murder mystery set in a beach resort.

Our fascinating new serial, "The Grand Sophy," a Regency romance by Georgette Heyer, also starts in this issue.

There will also be three short stories.

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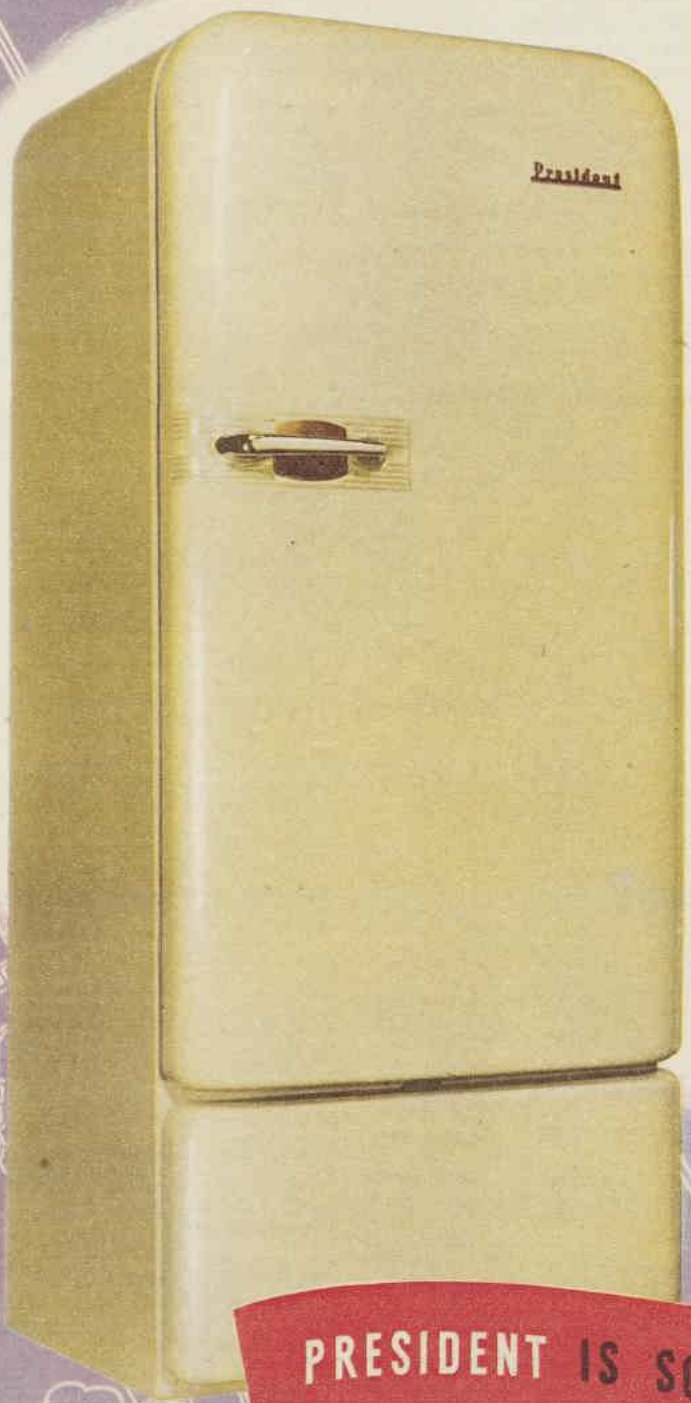

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ITALIAN FILMS

Since World War II, the village of Cinecittà, near Rome, has become the world's second biggest film producer. Movies made at Cinecittà have won great international praise.

Cinecittà is a weird collection of sunbaked buildings which stayed half-finished after the death of Mussolini in 1945. Mussolini had intended the village to be the centre of a new film industry. Now, as it happens, it's just that.

A special illustrated report on Cinecittà appears in the

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CORONATION CONTEST

Closing date brings deluge of last-minute entries

As the Coronation Contest closes on January 16, our special staff who have been sorting the entries have been overwhelmed by a deluge of last-minute bids from all over Australia for the big prizes.

Owing to the great number of entries in the contest we cannot tell you in which issue we will announce the winners, but in the meantime we will go on publishing entries from time to time.

BELOW are further progress award-winning entries. All of these, like those already published, remain eligible for the final judging.

Wonderful day

I WILL have to begin my story over ten years ago, on the night that a Japanese submarine entered Sydney Harbor. My husband, who was a member of the R.A.A.F. and attached to the Fleet Air Arm, was spending his week-end leave at home, when he was awakened at 3 a.m. by a policeman who told him that he must board his ship immediately and leave for parts unknown.

Coming at that hour of the night I think the shock was greater than if we had received the news in broad daylight, although I knew it had to come sooner or later, but the fact that I was to have my second child in a few months made me want to postpone the evil day for as long as possible.

After that night I received many cheerful letters, and life went on much the same as usual, except for the loneliness, and then the telegram came! I don't think I'll ever forget that terrible day as long as I live.

The telegram informed me that my husband had been seriously wounded, and that any further information would be sent to me as soon as it was available. I had no more news for almost a week, and during that time I tried frantically to discover where he was and how badly he was hurt.

Eventually the news came out that H.M.A.S. Canberra had been torpedoed and sunk in the Solomons, and that my husband had been taken to a base hospital in New Zealand, where he remained for six weeks.

During the next week my daughter was born. When I had been in hospital for a few days I received a letter from my husband, written by a very kind lady who visited the Australian chappies in the New Zealand hospital, telling me that he was being transferred to Australia, but could not tell me when it would be.

At this wonderful news I became very excited, though I knew that I may not see him for some time yet; so, for my baby's sake, I tried to keep calm.

Two more days drifted by, then, as my room-mate and I were gazing idly out of the window of the hospital, an ambulance pulled up outside and we both thought that another little Australian was about to put in an appearance in a hurry when, to my surprise, my sister-in-law jumped out of the ambulance and ran in to tell me that my husband was in the ambulance.

He had been taken to Randwick Hospital and they were transferring him to the A.G.H., Concord, and when my sister-in-law explained the situation to the kindly ambulance driver he had agreed to call in to see me en route to Concord.

I was almost in a state of collapse from excitement and weakness, as the sister of the hospital and my sister-in-law helped me out to the ambulance, and there he lay, very thin, very grey, in a plaster cast from his neck to his knees but still able to smile, and then we were both crying, as the anxiety and pent-up emotion of the last few months melted away.

The sister had bustled inside and brought out the baby for him to see, and as we silently gazed at her we felt at peace with the world for a moment, but then he had to go, as the ambulance had to be on schedule.

Within a fortnight we were able to visit him at Concord, where he remained for more than two and a half years, and when he did come home to us at last he was on crutches, and now he wears a caliper on one leg.

He will never be able to work again, but his spirit has never flagged, and his courage will be an inspiration to us for all time.

£10 to Mrs. D. RIVERS, 88 Boyce Rd., Maroubra, N.S.W.

The Queen comes to tea

FIRST of all I would carefully choose the three other guests to ensure a pleasant and interesting afternoon.

The first, my mother-in-law, Mrs. Tom Scott, who is intelligent and good company, a pioneer's wife born in Melbourne, who came as a bride to live on this farm on the Blackwood River 60 years ago. It was then densely timbered country in the heart of the south-west of Western Australia.

The second guest would be the great Australian writer and traveller Ernestine Hill. I first met her in Broome, my home town, the colorful pearling centre, where she was collecting some material for her book "The Great Australian Loneliness."

The third guest would be Mrs. H. Miller, better known as Mary Durack, of the well-known pioneer family, and early settlers on the Ord River, Kimberley. Apart from being a busy mother of five children, she has found the time to write delightful children's books portraying our aboriginal children of the far north, with clever illustrations.

These three women would not only be deserving of the honor of meeting the Queen, but would be particularly interesting to Her Majesty.

Tea would be served on our wide stone verandah overlooking the garden, the blossoming apple trees, and the green hills beyond. If it were springtime this would be an ideal setting.

Although an informal tea, it would be a special occasion, so I would use my nicest china and linen. The refreshments would be simple, especially for the children, but sufficiently interesting for the adults, such as egg and Vegemite and mock chicken sandwiches, savory cheese scones, marshmallow biscuits, snowballs, a sponge cake with cream tinted pink, and an apple cake. For the adults I would serve tea, and for the children cool orange drinks.

I would spread the children's tea on the grass below, and our four children—all twins (mixed), aged ten and six—would see to the little ones (which they can do very nicely). They could then play on the swing under the pines, and the old rocking-horse would be fun.

While the adults were engaged in conversation, the Royal children would be shown the pets, baby Joey (the kangaroo), Jacko (the kookaburra), the lambs, cockatoo, collies, and ducklings.

By this time everyone would have had an enjoyable afternoon, and on leaving our home the Queen would take with her a bouquet of our glorious Western Australian wildflowers.

£10 to Mrs. WALTER SCOTT, Box 111, Bridgetown, Western Australia.

Imaginary conversation

ELIZABETH I: Greetings, Elizabeth of England. We bring you a gift for your Coronation.

ELIZABETH II: A Rose! A Tudor Rose! Redder than rubies! Thank you, Illustrious Namesake!

ELIZABETH I: It is the Rose of England that will never fade. But, shrive me, Ma'am, prate not of rubies! We cannot afford gems now. Those knaves, our doughty and rapacious captains, have stripped the Royal coffers with clamor for ships, ships, more ships! How we abhor name of Philip, old vam of the Escorial.

ELIZABETH II: I the name of Philip. It is of my beloved Consort.

ELIZABETH I: The Duke! A comely Lord, one after our own Look to your woman Elizabeth, despite you lusty and beautiful, for Tudor ghost is a right wan shade, e'en merry in shroud!

ELIZABETH II: I trust rather to love than to Ma'am.

ELIZABETH I: Love! Know you the names of Lei ter and of Essex? Essex, fairest form of e'er wrought by the hand God! (or did the fiend those knightly lineaments abase the high temper of Royal favor?) There was lo And treachery! Enough Essex! What of England, peerless Realm? Has she k faith with the brave past?

ELIZABETH II: Engl has kept faith, great Que Through long years of world wars, she has withst the shock of onslaught triumphed over her foes. N in a world, alas! divided, lute and wary, she has all herself with all opposed godless forces which seek overthrow and degra humanity.

ELIZABETH I: God not be mocked, sweet Que nor British hearts craven! But what of Gover ment?

ELIZABETH II: T power of princes is past. reign by right of love alo But the sap of our stock rich and Royal in the places of the earth. Great continents have been pea ably settled with our subjec Canada, Australia, and Ne Zealand are our belo Dominions beyond the self-governing in the traditions of the Motherlan

ELIZABETH I: A wo drous Commonwealth! Ke they their allegiance, Y Majesty?

ELIZABETH II: Un death, as they have prove They have made England destiny their destiny, her glo their glory. In peace and we work in concord. Und our Crown our people practi the lofty concept of demo racy.

ELIZABETH I: By own oaken hearts, you ha not changed! England's gre ness lies not in her Monarc Royal Sister, but in her peop whose figurehead we There's not an honest Brit maid, I'll warrant you, Be but set her in our septr office and she will rock t globe with homespun sense justice worn like a hair-sh next the skin under mag fence! Now I must awa Guard close our Rose! Fa well! God be with you!

ELIZABETH II: And wi you, noble Tudor! I w treasure your gift, for I w know that the loyalty of o people is the glorious essen of the Rose of England, whi I will wear close to my hea on my Coronation day.

£10 to MRS. K. P. ROB INSON, 5 Geraldine S Cottesloe, Western Australia

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"Ice Follie" sets entertainment record

CISSY TRENHOLM (above), former U.S. Eastern States champion, does a jump during the opening number of "Ice Follie."

JIMMY ELDER (right) leaps through hoops of revolving knives. Jimmy's first try at this turn resulted in a 10-inch cut.

★ **Australasian theatregoers have paid more than £750,000 in the past two and three quarter years to see "Ice Follie."**

ENTREPRENEUR David N. Martin says this is the biggest number of paid admissions collected by one show in Australia.

The show is a spectacular fast-moving musical revue on ice with a skating cast of more than 50.

Since "Ice Follie" began in Zurich in 1948, 12 members of the company have married and three babies have been born.

FLYING ICE from Jimmy Elder's hockey skates sprays Australian star Pat Gregory as they shoot into a high-speed side stop. Jimmy is a speed champion.

ICE CAN-CAN done by Barbara Howe, Netta Dunsmore, and June Michaelson is one of the most popular numbers in the show. All the girls are from England; Netta is married to the show's musical director, Ermino Marchetti. The producer is a Swiss, Armand Perren.

TIN SOLDIER BALLET gets a final drilling from Barbara Howe, ballet mistress for the whole company. The 12 children in the ballet are from Sydney and had never skated in an ice show. The principals of "Ice Follie" are skating champions from 14 countries. Pictures by staff photographer Murray Attiwill.

STILT SPIN on 20-inch stilts presents no problems to Dutch champion Wim de Jong, shown here swinging Barbara Howe. Wim prefers show business to teaching skating.

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CHATSWORTH HOUSE—home of famous

CHATSWORTH HOUSE, the magnificent home in Derbyshire of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and their two children, Peregrine, aged eight, and Emma, aged nine. In the foreground is the seahorse fountain built for the first Duke of Devonshire. Chatsworth dates from the 17th century, and is sometimes called the Palace of the Peaks.

• Famous Chatsworth Ho one of Britain's most bea Duke of Devonshire, wh Coronation year. The Duk

FOUR hundred thousand people are expe to visit 17th century Chatsworth House year to see the world-famous paintings and treasures with which it is filled and to admire house and gardens.

They will pay 3/6, 2/6, or 1/-, according to wh they wish to see the special exhibition of the works of the house and gardens, or just sit in the gardens for t picnics.

The money will not, however, enrich the 11th Duk Devonshire and his Duchess. It will go in the upkeep of Chatsworth House and the payment of death duties. The Devonshire fortune has suffered a reverse.

By AN of our

Legal argument followed the sudden death of the Duke of Devonshire in 1950 at the age of 55.

The Commissioners of Inland Revenue won the and involved case concerning the family fortunes built so carefully over 400 years.

And now the present Duke may have to sell som the art treasures from his collection, one of the gre in the world, to pay death duties.

Chief of the Devonshire family estates is Chatsw which the first Duke began to establish in 1688. A over a hundred years earlier, the Duke's forebear, William Cavendish, had been persuaded to acquire property by his wife, Bess of Hardwicke.

Bess was a woman whose career was astounding in that first Elizabethan age of astounding women had the toughness and tenacity of a good quarterma sergeant.

Her extraordinary beauty had so time-resisting a qu that at the age of 50, long after Sir William's death captivated and married the richest and most pow

LEFT: The chapel at Chatsworth House remains almost exactly as it was when completed in 1694. Laguerre painted the walls and ceilings and Verrio the painting above altar.

ABOVE: The Great Chamber or State dinin room at Chatsworth House. The Derbyshi mansion is a treasure house filled with rare w beautiful objects of art and paintings.

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art treasures

e, in Derbyshire, England, is ful mansions. It belongs to the rill open it to the public in now lives in a nearby cottage.

man in England, George Talbot, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury.

When she died, aged 90, she was probably the richest woman in the country.

About a mile from the famous Chatsworth, in a remote Derbyshire valley, at Edensor, the present Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and their two children, Peregrine (the Marquess of Hartington) and Emma (Lady Emma Cavendish), live in an eight-roomed house once occupied by their estate agent. But they continually visit the main house which was for so long the family home.

MATHESON, London staff

They live on a scale of modesty their forebears would have thought impossible, but they are very happy in their quiet country life.

"I have enough staff to give me time for my work on committees and my various country pursuits," the Duchess said.

"As the Lady Mayoress of Buxton, I am keenly interested in village life and like to have free time to help my husband with the estate."

The young Duchess of Devonshire loves gardening and is a good shot. She is fond of the countryside and is rarely seen in London. Her town house, once the home of Beau Brummell, is run with only one servant.

The Duchess of Devonshire is slight, fair-haired, and 32 years old. She is one of six sisters and was the Hon. Deborah Freeman-Mitford, youngest daughter of Lord Redesdale, when she married the Duke, then Lord Andrew Cavendish, in 1941.

One of her sisters is the wife of Sir Oswald Moseley. Another was the late Miss Unity Mitford, a third is Mrs. Peter Rodd, who as Nancy Mitford has written several best sellers, including "Love in a Cold Climate" and "The Pursuit of Love."

The Duke is a handsome young man with a fine war record. He received the M.C. for gallantry while leading his company of the Coldstream Guards on the Italian front.

He is immensely proud of the Devonshires' fabulous art collection. He arranged a special exhibition of the works of art at Chatsworth and opened it to the public last summer.

The Duke said he felt it was his duty to enable the public to see them and he brought the principal pictures in the Devonshire collection to Chatsworth from other residences he owns.

ABOVE: The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and their two children, the Marquess of Hartington and Lady Emma Cavendish, by the fireplace in one of the reception-rooms.

RIGHT: The Marquess of Hartington and Lady Emma Cavendish, who is holding a doll given to her by Queen Mary, photographed by Alec Murray at Chatsworth House.

ABOVE: The painted hall, the upper part of which was painted by Laguerre (1692 to 1694) with scenes from the life of Julius Caesar. The stone stairs date from 1912.

RIGHT: Portrait of Henry VIII in the gold drawing-room. It was formerly attributed to Holbein, but is now known to be a contemporary copy of his work.

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HP20.143

Worth Reporting

BALLET dancer Gregory Fenton, of the Canadian National Ballet, called in to see us the other day and asked us why Australians think it so odd for a man to have his hair waved.

Mr. Fenton, who has fair, wavy hair, said, "I had mine done at a Sydney salon the other day and was astonished to see four women peeping through the cubicle curtain and giggling like schoolgirls.

"A permanent is much more expensive here, too. I was charged four guineas. At home I can get it done for about 18/-."

Mr. Fenton is Australian-born. He went to Canada with his parents at the age of seven, is now 21. He returned to Sydney with his father on a business trip.

His comments on Australia:

The people are not as well mannered as Canadians and Americans. They are too suspicious.

Australian men don't dress well. They look sloppy.

Australian girls, however, are very pretty and among the best dressers in the world.

The Canadian National Ballet, of which Mr. Fenton is a member, performs for seven months of the year.

His favorite role is Prince Desire in "The Sleeping Princess."

Trumpeting to the top

A YOUNG Australian girl trumpeter, who got a job with a famous all-girl orchestra as soon as she arrived in England last year, now has second-top billing with the band.

She is 18-year-old Robey Buckley, who started taking trumpet lessons six years ago.

"I wanted to reach the top of my profession, so I made some records and sent them to Ivy Benson, the band leader," said Robey. "Later, when I arrived in London with my parents I landed the job."

The band has played to packed houses in London, Wolverhampton, Luton, Birmingham, Weymouth, Manchester, and Liverpool. The girls also played at the celebrated Chelsea Arts Ball in London on New Year's Eve and planned a tour of the Middle East soon after.

Born in Perth, Robey did most of her work in Sydney before going overseas. She appeared with Will Mahoney at the Cremorne Theatre, Brisbane, in 1948 and also played in Melbourne.

When she returns to Australia, Robey hopes to open a nightclub.

"Well, I'm flunking him back to you. I can't stand him either."

A new role for pigs

AN American professor is reported to have suggested that every householder should keep a pig as a pet to help beat the high cost of living.

The pig could be fed on grass clippings, and, in due course, would grace the family dinner table.

"The hog is undoubtedly intelligent, and I imagine he could easily be house-trained," said the professor. "I see no reason why, in time, we should not have some quite desirable varieties of pigs sitting on our doorsteps."

The suggestion certainly opens up a new field for thought.

People who tend to get sentimental about their animals would have to adopt a new philosophy to cope with a pet who is here to day and on the table to-morrow.

It would be no time at all, we feel, before the saying "A man's best friend is his pig" would put every dog's nose out of joint.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the nicest mothers we know claims her rheumaticky knee "hasn't been any good since that Monte Bello bomb went off." The blame for an attack of arthritis recently suffered by her daughter-in-law was also laid at the door of "that awful bomb."

LONDON TALK
By Michael Plant

A ROYAL visitor to London is Princess Margaretha, of Sweden, eldest granddaughter of King Gustav Adolf. But this is no ambassadorial mission — nor even a holiday trip.

The tall, fair-haired Princess has come to Britain to do a six months' course of Domestic Science.

With 25 other girls she will scrub floors, wash dishes, and make beds. For her eighteenth birthday she hopes to make her own cake.

The school principal, Miss Laidler, told me that by the time the Princess leaves she will be able to prepare a really English meal—"roast beef with great slabs of Yorkshire pudding."

★ ★ ★

A FRIEND at the American Embassy said that a letter arrived for the ambassador recently on which "Top Secret" was stamped in red letters.

According to routine, an armed guard was called out to escort the messenger to the ambassador's home.

There the envelope was opened with due ceremony. Out fell two complimentary tickets to the film premiere of "Top Secret."

★ ★ ★

FASHIONS in Bond Street: Valerie Hobson has brought back from Hollywood a "dog dress." It has a pocket large enough to hold a 4lb. poodle.

"I haven't got a poodle yet," said Valerie, "so I just use the dress for shopping. I must look like one of your kangaroos."

I saw Lady Docker, one of England's richest women, step out of her gold-plated Daimler wearing an enormous full skirt made of blue chinchilla fur.

★ ★ ★

A NEW collection, all made in Britain, was shown at the Savoy Hotel recently in an atmosphere more like a business lunch than a chic dress show.

Reason was that directors of many wholesale clothing firms had come all the way from Manchester to have a look.

However, I did notice Vivien Leigh looking delightful in a sea of mink.

Dior again showed a flair for creating a new line. All his evening gowns, many in the unusual color combination of green and blue, were padded and pleated to give centre-front fullness.

★ ★ ★

RUSSIAN - BORN pianist Prince George Chavchavadze complained the other day that a pianist's life, especially when on tour, has its drawbacks.

He instanced the time he arrived at Oaxaca, Mexico, and went straight to his hotel to have a bath. He had just settled in it for a long soak when the bathroom door opened and in walked a man in a black coat followed by six girls carrying bouquets.

It was the deputation of welcome which had missed him at the station.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM

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GUESTS. Sheelagh Stevens (left) and her fiance, Surgeon-Lieutenant (D) Stirling Gill, R.N., join forces with Ann Goodforde to blow out the candles at a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Lionel McFadyen at their Bellevue Hill home to celebrate the 21st birthday of their elder daughter, Robin. More than 150 guests were entertained.

Social Gottings

ROMANTIC interest centres on midsummer brides, who remain radiant in spite of a high-pressure programme of last-minute trousseau shopping, dress fittings, and the endless round of pre-wedding parties.

While Beverley Coombes is putting the last stitches in her handmade trousseau, her mother, Mrs. F. J. Coombes, of Vaucluse, is busy sending out wedding invitations.

Beverley will marry Raymond Mainsbridge, of Vaucluse, at St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay, on February 5 and the reception will be at the Pickwick Club.

Ann Oxenham and Beverley Kerr, who were at Kincoppal with Beverley, will be bridesmaids.

A furnished flat at Manly will be waiting for Raymond and Beverley after their honeymoon.

• • •

MOST prized possession of Pat Glass and David Whitford is the scale model of the two-story home they will build in Clairvaux Road, Vaucluse, after their wedding at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on January 21. The last of a series of parties for Pat will be a spinsters' dinner at the Royal Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli, this Friday. Hostesses will be Pat's matron-of-honor, Mrs. Bert Field, of Widgiewa, and the bridesmaids Ann Freeman and Margaret Jones. On the same night, David will have a bachelors' dinner at the Plaza Hotel.

HOME after a 12 months' visit to England and the Continent, Mrs. F. de la Valette will marry John Thane, of Double Bay, at St. Columba's Church, Edgecliff, on February 12.

Only close relatives will attend the ceremony and the small dinner party afterwards at "Rothwell," the bridegroom's home at Double Bay.

Mrs. de la Valette is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Watson, of Potts Point, and of the late Mr. Joseph Watson.

She will wear a street-length Jacques Fath gown in mist-grey faille.

A CONTINGENT of Adelaide visitors will be in Sydney for the wedding of Joanne Maguire and Dr. Rodney White at St. Mary's Cathedral on January 21.

Rodney's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. White, and his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John White, will drive across and make the Hotel Astra, Bondi, their Sydney headquarters.

Joanne, who is the second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Bertrand Maguire, of Ashfield, will have her sister Annette and Terry Hanrahan as bridesmaids.

BRIDESMAID Virginia Fuller with King Farouk's cousin, Mr. Mounier Sabry, who was best man at the Ryan-Fuller wedding at the Queen's Chapel of Savoy, London.

LONDON WEDDING. D'Arcy Ryan and his bride, formerly Patricia Fuller, with the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Ben Fuller, of Point Piper, and the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Douglas Wilson, of Ebor, N.S.W.

KARACHI WEDDING. James Whittaker and his bride, formerly Diane Paterson, with the bride's mother, Mrs. John Annesley, of Castle Hill, at the reception at the home of the High Commissioner for Australia, General L. E. Beavis, after their wedding at Holy Trinity Church, Karachi. Mrs. Annesley has returned to her home at Castle Hill.

GREAT activity on the Graham Bodys' property, Ulupna, Graman, as son Peter and his fiancee, Anne Reid, supervise the clearing of the site of their new homestead four miles from Ulupna.

Anne, who is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Clive Reid, manages to look glamorous, in spite of the heat and dust, wearing an old pair of jeans and a shirt while driving a bulldozer.

Peter and Anne will marry at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, on April 8 and the reception will be at the Royal Sydney Golf Club.

Most of the guests will be country folk in town for the Royal Easter Show.

• • •

EXCITED about seeing Hobart and her new home for the first time is Mrs. John Duggan, who before her marriage at St. Mary's Cathedral recently was Mary Plasto, of Randwick.

Mary approved the choice of the house in the foothills of Mount Wellington after studying plans and photos sent to her by her husband, who is at Royal Hobart Hospital.

She is the only daughter of Mr. F. B. Plasto, of Randwick, and of the late Mrs. Plasto.

• • •

EN route to England in the Orion, Mr. and Mrs. Len Bligh, of "Pejar," Woodhouselee, will leave the ship at Naples and travel to Austria to sample the ski-ing at the famous Austrian winter sports centres of Kitzbuehl and Zurs.

In England, they will stay at the Buckinghamshire home of Len's sister, Mrs. Clifford Tetley.

Anne

WED IN LONDON. Lieutenant Anthony Winterbotham, R.N., and his bride, formerly Christine Wincott, daughter of Air-Commodore and Mrs. C. B. Wincott, formerly of Point Piper, leave Holy Trinity, Brompton, London.

COCKTAIL PARTY. Jennifer Tatchell (left) with Sam Walder and Lyn Malin at a cocktail party given by Anne McCauley, daughter of Air Vice-Marshal J. P. J. McCauley, at her Potts Point home for Melbourne visitor Sally Hardman, whose father, Sir Donald Hardman, is Chief of Air Staff.

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COTTEE'S REAL FRUIT JELLIES WITH THE *Locked in* FLAVOUR

Here in each individually sealed cellophane cube is the real flavour of plump red strawberries . . . LOCKED IN until you are ready to release it! You'll actually see the fragments of strawberries as you savour the tantalising, fresh- fruit aroma. Once you've tried any of these Cottee's real fruit jellies, you'll never, never be content with any other . . . STRAWBERRY, FRUIT SALAD, ORANGE, RASPBERRY, PINEAPPLE and a special favourite, LIME COOLA — they are all delicious.

Strawberry Fruit Mould is fun to make and luscious to eat! Make up 1 packet of Cottee's Strawberry Jelly, as directed. Pour some of jelly (to a depth of about 1") in a wetted mould. When cool, but not set, arrange slices of peaches (or fruit in season) in this jelly and allow to set.

Snow Tops are exciting and so easy. Make up a packet of Cottee's Lime Coola Jelly. Divide in two. Pour half into serving dishes to set and let remainder stand until cold and beginning to "jell." Add 1 mashed banana and 1 tablespoon cocoanut. Whip till thick and frothy and pile onto plain jelly. Chill before you serve—then watch the smiles.

Jelly Gems are real favourites. Make up two packets of Cottee's Jellies (different flavours). When set, chop into small particles and arrange in serving dishes. Sprinkle top with cocoanut.

Strawberry Ice Cream. ½ Cottee's Strawberry Jelly, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 1 pint (6 tablespoons) full cream powdered milk, boiling water.
Method: Dissolve jelly and sugar in boiling water, add condensed and powdered milk. Beat well with rotary or electric beater. Then freeze.

Cottee's
REAL FRUIT JELLIES
WITH THE *Locked in* FLAVOUR

BY THE MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS PASSIONA

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MOTHER

"It says here . . . 'Fruit should be served at the end of a meal, and finger bowls provided.'"

BUTCH

"Butch is in there, all right."

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

SUMMER has an orchestra all its own — cicadas, the roar of the surf, the cry of the ice-cream vendor.

This year there's a new sound added to the symphony. It's the sigh of relief which can be heard throughout the city offices at 9 a.m. and 2 p.m. as thousands of girls remove their cinch belts and stow them in the drawer until their next outdoor appearance.

Those wide pieces of elastic, so flattering to the waist, so deceptively bearable in early spring, increase in discomfort as the temperature rises.

They are often slipped off under cover of restaurant tables and in picture theatres. Consequently they are getting as common as umbrellas in lost property offices.

A man might ask: "Why not leave the things off altogether in hot weather?"

Women are not so easily daunted. Besides, cinch belts may be out of date by next summer. According to the fashion forecasts the waistline is on its way out—a change which causes some of the older ladies to remark dismally, "This is where we came in."

* * *

ANOTHER fashion note: It's reported from overseas that jewelled shorts are smart wear for dining at home.

I don't know about the jewelled touch, but there seems a germ of a sensible idea here.

The great majority of hostesses, who are chief cooks and bottle-washers too, are always in a flap about what to wear when entertaining.

Should you wear your best dress and look elegant, knowing that after the evening's encounter with the stove it will have to go to the cleaner's? Or should you wear an old one and not pretend that you're trying to enjoy your own party?

Shorts would solve the problem, wouldn't trail on the floor when you crouch on your heels to take the things out of the oven. Those visionaries in Paris who think up such things probably mean velvet or taffeta models, but you could get an economical effect by hanging some bits of costume jewellery out of the pockets of your denims.

* * *

ONE of the most novel comments ever made on the declining birthrate was that by English fight promoter Jack Solomons when he arrived in Australia recently.

He said that mothers of large families used to tell their little boys to fight their own battles. Now mothers, with more time on their hands, themselves take up the cudgels on behalf of their young.

Mr. Solomons was concerned with the lack of young boxers, but his theory has other implications.

Are we, as a further result of small families, producing more pugnacious mothers? Do little girls, seeing this example, tend to grow up more assertive? And may we therefore look forward to an eventual rule of Amazons?

Perhaps the anthropologists will take over the question from there.

THESE three-dimensional movies which we will eventually see in Australia will possibly revolutionise the film industry.

So far Americans have seen two kinds of these films, one called "Natural Vision" and one called "Cinerama." The methods of achieving the effects differ, but the result in both cases is frightening realism. The viewer feels he is really in the moving train or the roller-coaster.

One such jungle film was advertised with the slogans, "A lion in your lap" and "A lover in your arms."

Some critics were critical, didn't care for feeling so close to the jungle, and said the special glasses used by viewers caused eye-strain.

It is worth remembering, though, that there are quite a number of people who, seeing the talkies for the first time back at the end of the 'twenties, said they would never displace silent films!

These films may have the same long-range effect as television. In time the muscles of human beings will become atrophied from disuse.

Why go to the beach when you can get the sensation of waves breaking over you in a movie lounge-chair? Soon there will be no need to move at all, and human beings can revert to the jelly-fish from where they sprang.

* * *

BEFORE Mr. Churchill made his informal visit to General Eisenhower, a London newspaper said: "American public opinion is sensitive to any suggestion that wily foreigners are trying to bounce the Eisenhower Administration into commitments before it has time to discover the facts of life."

Formerly, when Britannia ruled the waves and
most of what they surrounded,
She made it extremely clear that the world was compounded
Of British people and foreigners, which was right and proper,
And, indeed, with a powerful navy there was nothing to stop her.
Now and then the wearer of a leek might call foreign
One who preferred a shamrock or wore a sporran,
But nobody else dared use the word out loud; times change
And other people now often have the effrontery to regard the British as strange.
"Gad, sir," said an old gentleman in his armchair at the Athenaeum,
"Fancy calling Churchill a wily foreigner. I'd like to see 'em
"Say that in my presence. Reminds me of a Western where one feller called another a name that was vile,
"And the other feller said, 'When you call me that, pardner, smile!'"

Mothers! Don't let to-day's high food costs rob your family of precious vitamins!

ONE 4 OZ. JAR OF VEGEMITE CONTAINS MORE OF THE VITAMIN "B" GROUP THAN ALL THESE FOODS PUT TOGETHER!

And, because Vegemite is a *pure yeast extract,* it is richer in *Vitamin B1* than any vegetable extract sold in Australia.

MAKE UP THOSE LOST VITAMINS WITH VEGEMITE!

Doing without "this" staple food . . . buying less of "that" means that Australian families are losing more and more of the *strengthening* Vitamin B group from their diets!

Add up the cost of those foods above! See how much you'd have to spend to give your families the same amount of the Vitamin "B" group as you get from a 4 oz. jar of Vegemite! What a delicious, economical way to make up those lost vitamins!

The secret of Vegemite's richness lies in the fact that Vegemite is a pure concentrated yeast extract . . . not an ordinary vegetable extract. Yeast is the richest known natural source of the precious Vitamin B group . . . Vitamin B1, B2 and Niacin . . . all of which keep you and your entire family strong and healthy. Your body cannot store Vitamins B1, B2 or Niacin — it must have a daily supply of these essential vitamins. So put Vegemite on your table for *every* family meal!

Delicious for all kinds of sandwiches, snacks and breakfast — on toast, or under a poached egg. Vegemite also adds flavour and vitamins to cooked vegetables, soups, stews gravies and casseroles.

WHAT THE VITAMIN "B" GROUP MEANS TO YOUR FAMILY

RIGHT AMOUNT . . .	TOO LITTLE . . .
Vitamin B1 Healthy nerves. Strength and stability.	Vitamin B1 Irritability and neuritis. Fatigue, loss of weight.
Vitamin B2 Firm, clear tissues. Healthy eyes.	Vitamin B2 Mouth ulcers, sore lips. Eye irritations.
Niacin Good digestion. Clear skin . . . healthy "skin tone."	Niacin Digestive troubles. Skin complaints.

Available in 2, 4 and 6 oz. sizes and the family economy sizes 8 and 16 ounces.

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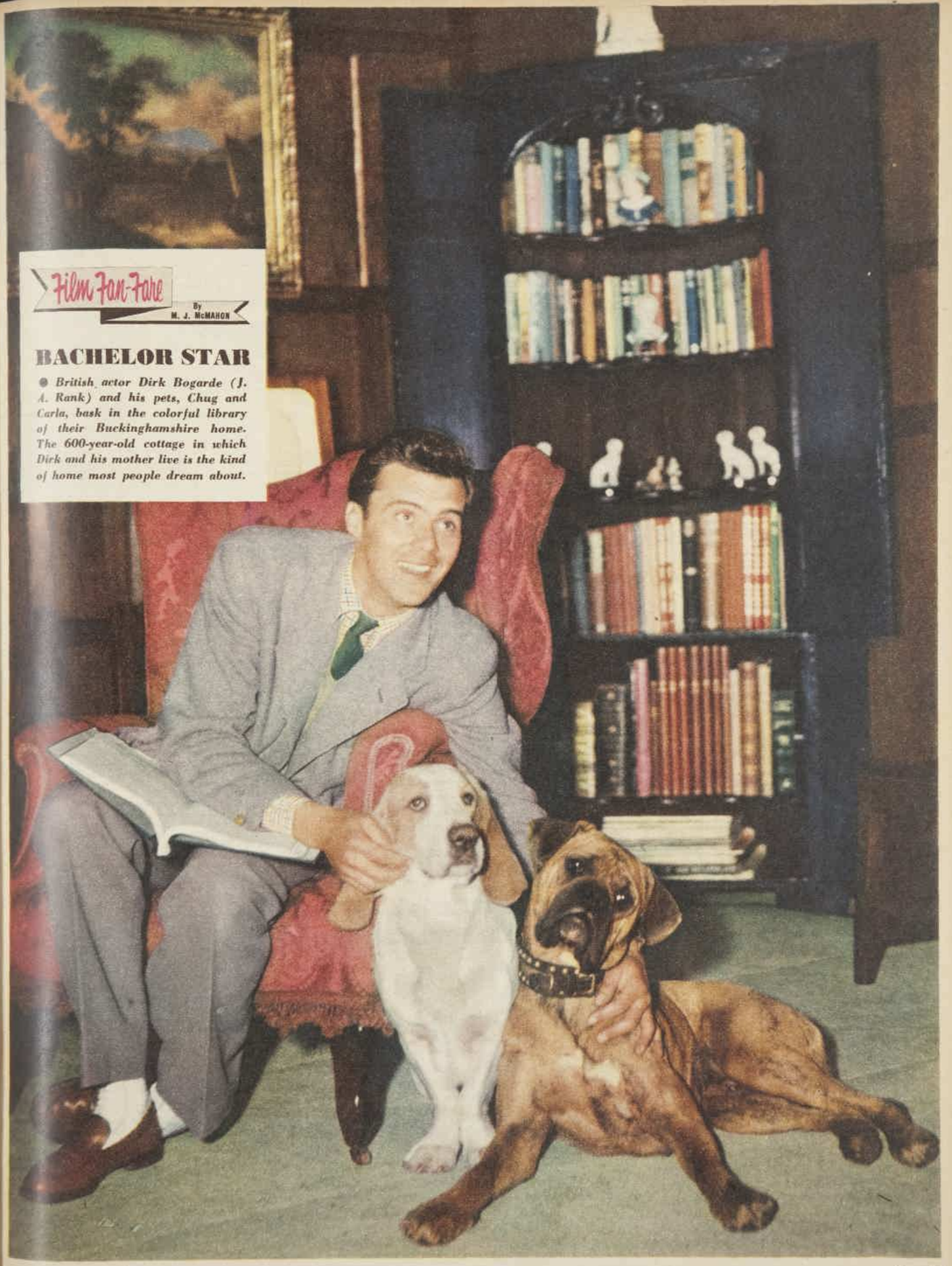

Film Fan-Fare

By M. J. McMAHON

BACHELOR STAR

● *British actor Dirk Bogarde (J. A. Rank) and his pets, Chug and Carla, bask in the colorful library of their Buckinghamshire home. The 600-year-old cottage in which Dirk and his mother live is the kind of home most people dream about.*

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Show this to your husband!

"We store 20 tons of parts in a single stack of Steelbilt Shelves"

— says Mr. R. E. Smith, Manager of Larke Hoskins spare parts division.

"Steelbilt saves us valuable floor space—20 tons of parts to a single stack and every part is accessible." Another thing—Steelbilt doesn't deteriorate with use—owners who have sold, even after 20 years, have always got their money back.

Steelbilt is the shelving that is stronger than wood, cheaper than wood and which takes up the absolute minimum of space. You'll be surprised how small your outlay will be. And there's no waste space *on* the shelves either, because both shelves and dividers are easily adjustable.

You can add to your shelving as you need it. Steelbilt comes in standard units that bolt together. Steelbilt is rust-protected by a permanent baked enamel finish that is easily cleaned and requires no upkeep.

You can buy Steelbilt Shelving Units from as little as £8, lockers from £6, cupboards from £15—plus tax. STEELBILT COSTS LESS THAN WOOD

There's a Steelbilt shelving type to solve your storage problems.

SKELETON TYPE
The basic storage unit. This can be converted to the enclosed type with end and partition sheets, omitting the cross braces.

ENCLOSED SHELVING
Backs may be added to enclose shelving on three sides. This is especially suitable for goods which require dust protection or for back-to-back shelving.

BIN TYPE SHELVING
Used for storage of small parts. Here, bin strips, dividers and drawers are shown. Write to Wormald's for full details of drawers available.

LOCK-UP DOORS
Half or full doors may be added for the lock-up of valuable articles and records. Steelbilt make many other types of shelving, too. Write for details.

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For pantry shelves that need only a wipe to clean them, for the handyman's dream of lots of space in his workshop, for garage shelves that keep all the family's clutter tidy—choose inexpensive Steelbilt shelves. They can be set up in a couple of hours. And for week-end cottages, dormitories and workmen's huts, Steelbilt cupboards give lasting, vermin-proof, fire-resistant storage.

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In Steelbilt lockers, dresses or suits can hang full length—shoulders fit in full width without crushing. Yet, with all this hanging space, Steelbilt saves floor space because steel is more compact than wood. And best of all, Steelbilt costs less than wood.

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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ *Mara Maru*

LESS devil-may-care in manner and looking thicker round the waistline, hard-bitten adventurer Errol Flynn has the job of restoring lost treasure in Warners' "Mara Maru."

A good deal of action develops from plot twists and turns while Flynn locates the loot and then dredges it up from the ocean bed during a typhoon.

Flynn handles the role efficiently, but the story behind the treasure hunt alternates patchily between realism and banality.

Murder and a mixture of misadventure involve deep-sea diver Flynn as he assiduously chases what is constantly referred to throughout the picture as "the big buck" (a dollar fortune) around Philippine waters.

The black-sheep hero proves that his heart is in the right place by relinquishing the prize for the sake of true love.

Errol's romance with Ruth Roman is a precarious affair.

For once Raymond Burr manages to curb overplaying his menace role, and Paul Picerni is effective as a double-crossing island detective.

In Sydney — Park.

★ *Deadline — U.S.A.*

DURING the run of "Deadline — U.S.A." (Fox), newspaper editor Humphrey Bogart crusades for a free Press, cleans up an underworld boss, and saves an old-established metropolitan daily paper, "The Day," from being sold into extinction.

As well Bogart strikes a blow in his own behalf by re-establishing himself in the esteem of his divorced wife Nora (Kim Hunter).

Melancholy Bogart presents a reasonable facsimile of a working journalist and is at the same time sufficiently hard-boiled to satisfy his fans.

Whether he overdoes his sermonising on the functions of a free Press may evoke dissent among filmgoers.

Technically "Deadline" probably comes closer to reality than most of the other films we have seen about the American Press. Background material was shot in the plant of the "Daily News," a leading New York paper.

In Sydney — Plaza.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "The Holly and the Ivy," drama, starring Sir Ralph Richardson, Celia Johnson. Plus "Mr. Peek-a-boo," comedy, starring Bourvil, Joan Greenwood.

CIVIC.—"Tarzan and the Huntress," jungle adventure, starring Johnny Weissmuller. Plus "Waggon Master," pioneer drama, starring Ben Johnson. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—★★ "Laughter in Paradise," British comedy, starring Alastair Sim, Fay Compton. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Quo Vadis?" technicolor drama of early Rome, starring Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, Leo Genn, Peter Ustinov.

LYCEUM.—★★★ "The Importance of Being Earnest," technicolor British comedy, starring Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Michael Denison, Dorothy Tutin. Plus ★ "Assassin for Hire," thriller, starring Ronald Howard.

LYRIC.—★★ "The Turning Point," drama, starring William Holden, Alexis Smith. Plus "The Denver and Rio Grande," technicolor drama, starring Edmund O'Brien, Dean Jagger, Laura Elliott. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "On Moonlight Bay," technicolor musical, starring Doris Day, Gordon MacRae. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—"Jack and the Beanstalk," cinecolor pantomime, starring Abbott and Costello. Plus featurettes. Evening sessions only: ★ "The Girl From Jones Beach," comedy, starring Virginia Mayo, Ronald Reagan. (Re-release.)

PARK.—★ "Mara Maru," adventure, starring Errol Flynn, Ruth Roman. (See review this page.) Plus "The House Across the Street," thriller, starring Wayne Morris, Janis Paige. (Re-release.)

PLAZA.—★ "Deadline—U.S.A.," newspaper drama, starring Humphrey Bogart, Kim Hunter. (See review this page.) Plus "The Jackie Robinson Story," American baseball biography.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "The Greatest Show on Earth," technicolor circus drama, starring Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Charlton Heston, Gloria Grahame. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," technicolor drama, starring Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Susan Hayward, Hildegarde Neff. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "Manon," French language drama, starring Cecile Aubry, Michel Auclair, Serge Reggiani. Plus ★★ "Paris 1900," English language feature.

STATE.—★ "Affair in Trinidad," drama, starring Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford. Plus ★ "Montana Territory," Western, starring Lon McAllister, Wanda Hendrix.

VARIETY.—★★★ "Going My Way," comedy-drama, starring Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—Morning and matinee sessions: "Mother Goose" pantomime, with Maggie Fitzgibbon, Dawn Lake. Evening sessions only: "Sensations of 1945," musical, starring Eleanor Powell. Plus "Ship of Wanted Men," adventure, starring Fred Kohler. (Both re-releases.)

ESQUIRE.—"The Lion and the Horse," Warner-color Western, starring Steve Cochran, Sherry Jackson. Plus "Flaxy Martin," thriller, starring Virginia Mayo, Zachary Scott. (Re-release.)

ST. JAMES.—"Everything I Have Is Yours," technicolor musical comedy, starring Marge and Gower Champion, Dennis O'Keefe. Plus "Apache War Smoke," Western, starring Gilbert Roland, Glenda Farrell.

VICTORY.—"Cripple Creek," technicolor Western, starring George Montgomery, Karen Booth. Plus "The Barefoot Mailman," comedy, starring Robert Cummings.

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1 MEETING acquaintance Lester Blaine (Jack Palance) on a train journey, wealthy playwright Myra Hudson (Joan Crawford) marries him. Lester is interested only in her money.

2 FRIENDS gathered to drink health of newlyweds include Lester's girl-friend Irene Neves (Gloria Grahame), Junior Kearney (Touch Connors), and his brother Steve (Bruce Bennett), right, who loves Myra and is suspicious of groom.

MURDER THRILLER

● **"Sudden Fear" (R.K.O.) is a suspense story about a successful woman playwright whose murder is planned by her new husband to take place within 24 hours.**

Realising that the plan afoot is perfect and the culprits will never be suspected, she launches a counter-plot to thwart the killers.

A variety of movie types with mixed motives revolve around star Joan Crawford, who also participated in the production of the film.

3 HORRIFIED, Myra hears plan for her murder discussed by Irene and Lester, picked up on recording machine.

4 APPREHENSIVE now of her husband's every action, Myra realises she must try to act normally. She evolves a plan by which she may save herself.

5 KEY to Irene's flat is copied by Myra. She then forges two notes—one from Irene to Lester, and the other from her husband to Irene—arranging two separate meeting places.

6 FAKING an ankle injury, Myra leaves a purposely arranged party and makes for Irene's flat, the place specified in Lester's note. While waiting she visualises coming events—Lester's arrival, his death, and how her clues will convict Irene.

7 MYRA'S reflection in mirror with gun in hand shocks her into realisation that she cannot go through with scheme. Meanwhile Lester arrives, finds her handkerchief, and begins to hunt for her.

8 FAREWELLING Junior after the party, Irene sets off to meet Lester wearing an identical costume to that worn by Myra. Chasing Myra in a fast car, Lester runs Irene down in mistake for his wife, and is himself killed.

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Continuing . . . . **Always By My Side**

From page 5

that really all there was to it?

The evening at the theatre was as happy and easy as she had imagined it would be.

When, at the end of it, Gregory drove her back, she turned her face to him to say good night and was not surprised when he kissed her.

But the kiss itself surprised her, shook her. His lips came down on hers with an expert searching tenderness, his slender hand caressed her hair and the nape of her neck.

When they drew apart she was breathless and half-afraid.

He smiled gently and said, "Good-night, my dear. How lucky I'm seeing you again in the morning."

She fell asleep that night thinking warmly of to-morrow.

Yet, though there were many other evenings together after that, all of them enjoyable, her heart seemed not to progress beyond that first glow of attraction. Attraction—that was all it was.

She liked Gregory's arms about her, liked being with him at the pictures and restaurants and theatres, liked the way he talked and the way he dressed, everything about him. And yet—

It was this reservation, this doubt, in her mind that made her, with embarrassment and pity mixed with a secret pride that he had asked her, stammer an evasion when, after six months, Gregory asked Kate to marry him.

"Gregory, I like you—very much," she had said. "Perhaps I love you. I—I don't know. Not yet, anyway. I—I can't tell. Please, ask me again later. I'm sorry, Gregory."

He had taken it well, grinning wryly as his hurt eyes stared into hers and he said, "Very diplomatically put, my dear. Couldn't have done it better myself. I understand."

She was moved by his pain, and put her hand on his arm, and said, "This isn't final. I mean that."

But it was, she knew in her heart, and wondered if he knew, too. He was the perfect evening companion, the perfect partner in a mild flirtation.

But she couldn't live with him, cook meals for him, nurse him when he was sick.

Then she had met Tom. Turning restlessly now in her bed, always aware of her husband's quietly breathing figure in the darkness beside her, Kate began to wonder all over again just why Tom was the man for her.

In looks, in mannerisms, in outlook, he could not be more different from Gregory. He was cheerful, shy, sometimes imaginative and always kind, when he perceived what she wanted—but he so often didn't perceive.

She felt now, with rising dread: Perhaps I was wrong, all the time, we were both wrong. If he loved me, wouldn't he see what has gone wrong between us?

This scene to-day, our first real quarrel—and even then it wasn't a proper quarrel—he didn't even understand it. Why was Tom "the man for her?"

Was he?

She had never dared ask herself such questions before. She had never been aware of such questions. But to-day it seemed to her that a crisis had been reached, and that their whole marriage might depend on how each of them came out of it.

A game of cricket! It came down to that triviality. But what she fought against, and fought for, were not trivialities. Tom's unawareness of her deepest needs and the lack of real partnership between them were not trivial.

Neither was her doubt of their love. It was a doubt that she had not expressed to herself before, but it came now, and frightened her, and she couldn't, to-night, turn to Tom for comfort.

She turned, in her mind, to Gregory. He would understand, she knew, when she asked him on Monday if he were free on one or two Saturday afternoons.

Even after her marriage, Gregory had preserved the easy friendship with her that had always charmed her. He never spoke of Tom.

She felt, she told herself firmly, safe with Gregory. He had already allowed his courtship to cool into a pleasant companionship, nothing more.

He would understand, without her having to explain very much, that she had to show her independence to Tom, and she had to have sympathetic help.

She shivered. He would know, too, though she would pretend not to be aware of it, that more than a gesture depended on these defiant outings together — and perhaps Gregory would gamble on the knowledge.

Four months! She argued with herself that night, turning her head to and fro in the warm darkness, holding herself stiffly away from Tom's sleeping presence. That's all you've been married.

All this fuss! It's just an excuse for a fling, it's disgusting. Tom's just thoughtless, but of course he loves you. You know perfectly well that you were right to marry him.

But I have to know! The answering cry in her mind was so loud that for a moment she thought she had spoken.

Again her mind cried, I can't just leave these horrible feelings to simmer and spread poison, so early in our marriage. If we've made a mistake, if I'll never make a go of it with Tom, I must find out now, before it's too late!

Tom rolled over, his steady breathing checking for a moment, and muttered something unintelligible in his sleep.

Probably dreaming of that cricket match, she told herself, stoking up her anger as a defence. He'll be just the same next Saturday!

She fell asleep at last, uneasily, thinking as consciousness blurred: Perhaps he won't, and next Saturday he'll say, "You're right, darling, I'm not doing anything else without you, I'm sharing everything. What would you like to do this afternoon?"

Then there wouldn't be any need to carry out her plan.

As she expected, Gregory Haynes asked no questions when, flushing uneasily, she mentioned with attempted casualness that she was wondering what to do next Saturday afternoon, while Tom played cricket.

"We've decided it's silly for me to drag along to every match with him when it bores me stiff. As a matter of fact we—"

She stopped, furious with herself. She had almost confessed to Gregory about the quarrel with Tom. Her anger seemed to be leading her further into disloyalty.

His clear green eyes, so disconcertingly understanding, held hers for a long moment. She could not tell whether there was any triumph in his matter-of-fact voice.

"Why not come to a Saturday matinee? There are one or two shows I want to see. We might pick one now."

She tried to pretend she hadn't thought of going out with Gregory. "Won't that upset some plans of yours?"

"No," he said gravely. "It won't upset anything. But if you'd rather not—"

"Of course. I'd love to."

It was settled. Her heart felt heavy, as if she had already betrayed Tom. Gregory produced a paper and she chose a play, and promised to meet him for lunch at midday on Saturday.

Tom would be taking sandwiches on the train to the cricket ground. It would be the first time since their engagement he would eat sandwiches alone.

When the arrangements had been made, Gregory said no more about it, and Kate began to feel reassured. After all, Gregory wasn't the type to—to take advantage of her. He would make no advances that were not invited.

It occurred to her that in that there lay a challenge. If he did try now to restore their friendship to something closer, it would mean she had invited him, openly or implicitly. And that would mean—

KATIE'S mind shied away, then resolutely returned to the point. That would mean that she didn't really love Tom, that she had actually wanted Gregory all the time. Well, wasn't that what she wanted to test?

At home that week things were unusually constrained between her and Tom. It was as if he sensed vaguely that he was on trial, or his love was.

There was no quarrel again, neither of them mentioned the week-end, and, for once, the week passed without any of his friends claiming him in the evening for beer and darts.

They even went to a film together. But peace had gone from them, they were both living with bated breath, as if a disaster were already in sight.

On Friday evening Tom looked up from his paper, over which his dark brows had been frowning for ten minutes.

He said, "Kate. Are you coming with me to-morrow? It's the Oakley match—nice ground, down in Surrey. You—you said how pretty it was, last time. Remember?"

Kate jerked up her head, feeling obscurely that he wasn't playing fairly. What if she had liked the ground? Why should she remember?

But she did, clearly — the old, rich green with its velvet-smooth wickets, big elms shading a narrow brook at the end, a square, eighteenth-century inn in mellow rose brick.

It had been one of the first cricket matches she had been to watch Tom play in, long before he had plucked up courage to propose. She had loved the place, and Tom, looking particularly handsome in his white flannels . . .

"No. I don't remember. Anyway, I shan't be coming. I told you last week, Tom, I'm making my own arrangements for Saturday afternoons — as you make yours."

He gave her an angry, wretched look. "I didn't think you were serious. Do you expect me to say, 'No, please don't go, I'll give in to you?' Like a sort of blackmail.

"Wouldn't be much help to you if I did, would it, knowing how I felt? After all, Kate, you knew when you married me—"

"I didn't know anything when I married you!

"I only knew we'd—we'd made one another promises. Always to share things, always to be together, to do things we both wanted to do. I didn't know they were just — just words to you!"

She could see that he wanted to get up from his chair and come across, to hold her tight.

She could see the struggle in him as he leaned towards her, his square face baffled and appealing, but still with his obstinacy keeping him from comforting and yielding to her.

"Kate," he said at last, searching for words, "I know it isn't easy to understand, to see how a fuss about—cricket, and my friends, and so on, ever started. Each of these things is tiny, it must seem I'm just cruel and selfish and stupid to cling to them."

He went on miserably. "But—well, together, they add up to a large chunk of my life; people I like, activities I like. They're — they're what you married. Aren't they?"

"I don't know. Perhaps I was a fool." She shook her head hopelessly. It was useless to try to explain.

"I married you, not your friends and your cricket and your football and your evenings out."

He turned quickly from appeal to exasperation, flinging up his paper with a snort and much rustling to shut her from him.

. . . . . .

The lunch was charming. Gregory had chosen a small, quiet restaurant in Mayfair, almost empty to-day.

The head waiter clearly knew him well and served them himself, obsequiously, a couple of assistants hovering in the background.

Gregory had an extraordinary knack for arranging things like this, Kate thought.

Nothing seemed difficult, nothing went wrong when he ate out, the theatre seats he got were always the best in the house, every arrangement moved on oiled wheels.

She looked across the table at his angular, alive face, smiled and responded automatically to his rigorous talk, and slowly, as the meal progressed, a new perception grew in her.

She began to realise why it was she had rejected Gregory Haynes; why she had felt there was an inner core of reserve in him she could never penetrate enough to become his wife.

He had, apparently, no insecurity, no uncertainty of himself. When Tom took her out his face would frown earnestly over the menu, and he would choose the wine, on their rare little celebrations, with a huge solemnity that made Kate's heart tender with laughter.

Gregory glanced swiftly at the wine list and said, "The Mouton Rothschild '44 Henri," with the casualness of the expert.

Tom would tell poor jokes with delighted laughter lines crinkling his eyes long before he had reached the point.

When he had finished he would watch eargerly for her answering laughter and appreciation, like a small boy at a party expecting a reward.

Gregory, too, loved telling stories, but they were always subtle and, Kate supposed, witty, and when she smiled nervously in his direction, wondering what the point was, his lips would curve in a deprecating smile that mocked his own wasted cleverness.

She could not imagine Gregory cutting himself shaving, and swearing heartily as he dabbed at the cut; scratching his head over some difficult book he was determined to understand.

She could not see him searching for a missing stud with his shirt-collar awry, crimson with anxiety and impatience because he was late already; half-drawing back as he offered a love he felt might be unwelcomed.

Tom, she remembered tenderly, did all these things.

Suddenly, with a shock that made her set down her glass at the moment of raising it, she had a poignantly clear picture of Tom as he must be just about now.

She could see him sitting in a stuffy train compartment, a little hunched through misery, his dark hair sticking up at the back as it always did, trying to concentrate stolidly on his sandwiches like a small boy seeking comfort for his sorrows in an ice-cream cone.

She knew, all at once as she had never known before, why she had married Tom and not Gregory.

Gregory was self-sufficient, self-confident; he wanted her but he didn't need her. Tom could not do without her.

In the same flash of revelation she saw, too, that it was just that tentativeness, that insecurity and uncertainty with which she had fallen in love, which also made it difficult for him to do without his cricket and his darts, the company of "the chaps."

It was reassurance he sought. When his friends were around him, when he was in a team, playing some game he enjoyed, or chatting comfortably in familiar places, he felt happy, accepted, and safe.

She rose so suddenly that Gregory was slow in pushing back his own chair. His startled green eyes looked up at her, and seemed to hold the anticipation of defeat.

"I—I've just remembered something terribly urgent," she said hurriedly. "Gregory, I can't explain now, but—but I can't stay."

She rushed away before he could reply. She knew she had behaved dreadfully, and didn't care.

Perhaps Gregory would understand; it didn't matter much now if he didn't.

Kate walked slowly down the long street of little pink houses. She had started to go to the railway station, to travel straight down to Oakley where Tom was playing cricket.

But she was wearing her new grey dress, her ear-rings and high-heeled shoes, and she realised suddenly that her presence in the country dressed like that might embarrass Tom. She had come home instead.

She paused at the front door, fumbling in her bag for her key, and thinking: These two rooms of ours, the cheap furniture, the money worries—they're what we share.

Seeing me always there, at home or outside, sitting by the pavilion or the touchline, or waiting up for him—those are the moments Tom relies on, couldn't do without.

All that talk of independence! it isn't what we married for at all.

She went slowly but not unhappily up the stairs to the sitting-room, taking off her hat as she went, smiling a little at the thought of meeting Tom there when he came back from his cricket.

He would be worried, probably annoyed and guilty because she hadn't come with him. But it wouldn't last—

She opened the door, and stopped. Tom was sitting moodily in the armchair, his empty pipe gripped between his teeth, staring at the fireless grate. There was no sign of his cricket gear.

He jerked his head up as she came in, and for a moment they were both still, then she was in his arms.

"Darling, you were right, you were absolutely right," he said when the long kiss was ended, speaking with his lips brushing the top of her head.

"I don't know why I made such a fuss, honestly. Can go on doing kid things for ever. I'm getting too old for cricket — I'll be twenty-six next month! Anyway, you won't ever have to—"

She stopped him, tenderly. "You don't have to make any promises, Tom. It's I who've been the fool.

"If you want to play cricket and have evenings out with your friends, you must. And I shan't come unless you want me to, and then I'd love to. It's what you need that counts more than anything."

"I found out what I need to-day. You. Only you."

He pulled her down to the armchair, so that she collapsed, laughing, on his lap.

Her glance fell on the paper on the arm of the chair. It was open at the cricket page.

(Copyright)

Robes for Coronation

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S Coronation robes will be made of velvet woven from silk spun at Lullingstone Castle, Kent.

This continues a tradition the Queen's parents began when they wore English silk at their Coronation in 1937.

That silk is made in England at all is due to Lady Hart Dyke.

In 1932 she turned her castle over to silkworms and moved herself and her family into a tiny cottage nearby.

People said the project would fail because English girls could not reel silk, the temperature was unsuitable, and there were no mulberry leaves to feed the worms.

But the venture proved a great success.

The color-picture story of how English girls spin silk for the Queen is one of the features of the January issue of A.M.

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Bette Davis on Broadway

BETTE DAVIS (above centre) cavorts through a parody of Sadie Thompson in this scene from her Broadway musical revue "Two's Company." Bette delighted New York first-nighters with her lively singing, dancing, and clowning.

By PETER HASTINGS, of our New York staff

After meeting with more trouble than should be visited on any human being, Bette Davis, acclaimed by moviegoers the world over for her acting in dramatic film roles, has comfortably settled on Broadway as a smash hit success in musical revue.

POP-EYED Miss Davis, against the advice of Hollywood, her husband, Gary Merrill, friends, and theatre experts, decided on a musical revue for her return to Broadway.

Since the show started rehearsing some months ago, Bette has fainted, been in hospital, lost her voice, but never been discouraged. Critical notices for the revue "Two's Company" have proved her right.

"Two's Company" is a fast-moving series of song-and-dance routines loosely woven round a flimsy romantic plot. The show is designed to give Bette every chance to win the audience by sheer personality.

She does this absolutely. Nearly all critics said she hasn't any real genius for the difficult, sharp art of revue, but all agreed that where Bette is concerned, it doesn't matter.

Blase New Yorkers are consequently queueing for blocks to see Bette flung wildly round the stage by acrobats, performing lightning-quick costume changes, singing huskily of Love and Broadway in her self-described "weird kind of bass," and in a series of quick sketches, having a fast tilt at Tallulah Bankhead, Noel Coward, and other gods of the theatre.

Bette also takes part in a couple of dance ensembles, but for the most part she seems happy to leave the footwork to show professionals.

In a scene of slum passion, she ties an old bandanna round her head, drapes herself with a shapeless, moth-eaten sweater, and slouches through ill-lit alleys in a pair of old sandshoes.

In a parody of Sadie Thompson in Maugham's "Rain," she all but smothers herself in beads and boas as she flounces madly against a tropical background.

She blacks out her teeth, shoves a corncob pipe in her mouth, and lets loose unmelodious yowls of hillbilly music.

In another sketch, she sings a nostalgic blues song, "Turn Me Loose on Broadway."

One sketch in particular was encored repeatedly—the study of an amorous American actress on the prowl for color, and men, in Rome.

A sketch in which one of those expensive, futuristic houses of architect Frank Lloyd Wright is so perfectly blended with the landscape that nobody can find it gives a fair idea of the sort of zany, fast-moving fare which Miss Davis is serving up to some of the most appreciative audiences of the season.

In all, Bette plays eight different characters in the revue and is rarely off the stage for long.

No wonder she says movie-making is child's play compared to stage work.

CLIMAXING a triumphant opening night on Broadway, white-clad Bette Davis (centre), in happy mood, and members of the cast of the revue "Two's Company" take a curtain call at the Alvin Theatre in New York.

As I read the stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Romance rears its head for the impressionable on January 20. Others find social activities paramount.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Those desiring to improve social or business standing should plan to contact influential people on January 23. On January 26 leave the initiative to others.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): News from a distance could make January 21 full of problems to be solved. An attractive way out is likely to be found on January 24.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Petty annoyances, such as the disappearance of a household article or a cancelled invitation, may cast a shadow over January 20, but January 24 is pure sunshine.

LEO (July 23-August 22): You'll discover how easy it is to get on harmoniously with family, friends on the evening of January 22. If you are eligible, a love affair may blossom on January 24.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Take care what you eat, be cautious where accidents can occur on January 21 or your health will suffer. January 24 may bring good news and good times.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): There's hardly a Libran that won't experience good luck on January 23, either in a small speculation, a social occasion, or a love affair. January 26 is a let-down.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Have fun on January 21 sorting out your possessions, fixing your home, or your wardrobe. If January 23 is trying, January 26 will more than make up for it.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Any little expedition on January 21 may yield useful information on which you can act on January 22 with satisfactory results.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): There never was a Capricornian without plenty of business sense and those of you wishing to improve your finances should concentrate on that deal or purchase on January 26.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Kicking off to a new goal, you may be worried about ways and means on January 21, but on January 22 the road to your goal is clear.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Pushed into the background just now, or discontented over prospects? Things will be better on January 21.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

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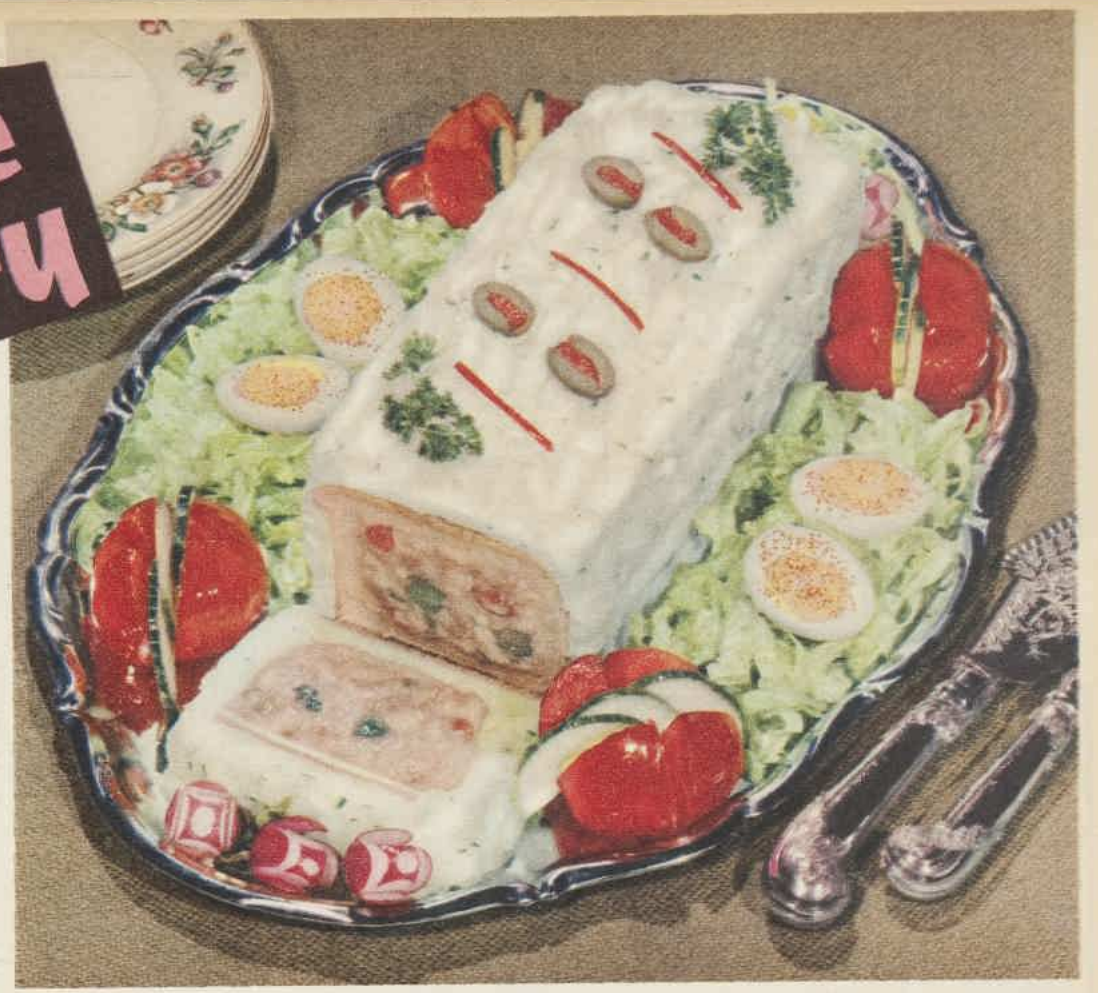
Inside story



In each of the recipes on this page it is the filling, either sweet or savory, which provides the real inside story and turns everyday ingredients into surprise packages.

FAMILIES tend to take their daily meals very much as a matter of course unless the housewife plans something special occasionally to arouse interest and tempt appetites.

Each of the following dishes—particularly the ham salad loaf illustrated—can have a glamor look about it, at no more cost than is ordinarily outlayed.

All spoon measurements are level.

HAM SALAD FILLING IN SANDWICH LOAF

One day-old sandwich loaf, 2lb. mashed potatoes, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, butter, pepper, milk, chopped chives or parsley, 1 cup diced ham, 1 cup other diced meat (veal, rabbit, or poultry combine well with ham), 2 chopped gherkins, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg, 5 or 6 small pickled onions (or colored cocktail onions), 1 tablespoon white vinegar, ½ cup medium-thickness white sauce. 1 teaspoon dry mustard, ½ cup mayonnaise, 2½ dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup hot water or meat or vegetable stock, salt and pepper to taste, ½ dozen chopped olives (may be omitted), tomatoes, sliced cucumber, lettuce.

Trim all crusts from sandwich loaf, cut a thick slice from the top, lengthwise. With a small, sharp knife remove all inside crumb, leaving walls ½in. to ¾in. thick. Mix ham with meat, gherkins, egg, chopped onions. Add vinegar to white sauce a little at a time, stirring until well mixed. Gradually add mayonnaise, gelatine dissolved in hot water or stock, mustard, salt and pepper, and some of the chopped olives, reserving some for garnishing. Stir occasionally while mixture become cold and starts to thicken. Fill into sandwich loaf, replace top slice, chill 3 or 4 hours. Arrange on serving platter. Coat all over with a thick layer of freshly cooked mashed potatoes beaten smooth with onion, butter, pepper, milk, and chives or parsley. Garnish with olives, serve in thick slices with tomatoes, cucumber, and lettuce.

HOT SALAD ROLLS

Split finger rolls, with a teaspoon or small knife scoop out a little of the soft crumb from each half. Put together again with a filling of creamed fish or flaked salmon moistened with mayonnaise, or cooked brains bound with white sauce and mixed with chopped cooked celery or walnuts, or mashed herrings in tomato sauce flavored with a squeeze of lemon juice and a pinch of cayenne pepper, or use your own favorite savory filling. Place on lightly greased scone tray, cover with greased paper, and bake just long enough to heat rolls thoroughly. Serve at once.

Note: If for a supper-party, these rolls may be prepared hours ahead, rolled in waxed paper or clear, plastic food-wrapping, and stored in refrigerator until required for reheating and serving.

TOMATO SURPRISE

Six large, firm tomatoes, 1 cup finely chopped (or minced) luncheon sausage, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, ½ cup mayonnaise, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste, salad ingredients.

Wash and dry tomatoes, cut a slice from the top of each and scoop out the pulp, but leave walls thick enough to retain shape when tomatoes are filled. Mix ¼ cup of the chopped tomato pulp with the chopped luncheon sausage, chopped hard-boiled eggs, chopped parsley, mayonnaise, breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste. Pile back into tomato cases, chill before serving with salad ingredients.

CLUB SANDWICH SCONE

Eight ounces wholemeal self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1oz. butter or substitute, ¾ cup milk.

Sift flour and salt, empty husks from sifter back into flour. Rub in shortening, mix to a soft dough with milk. Knead lightly on floured board, mould into a smooth round a good ½in. thick, cut into four. Place sections together on floured tray, glaze top with milk, and bake in hot oven for approximately 15 minutes. Cool on cake cooler. Split each scone once or twice across and fill generously with creamy savory fillings such as egg and celery moistened with white sauce or salad dressing, minced meat with parsley and white sauce, minced carrot, chives and cheese bound with salad dressing. Serve with salad snippets.

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

STUFFED POTATO CROQUETTES

Two cups hot sieved potato, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, ½ cup finely minced cooked meat, 2 tablespoons white or brown sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 egg, browned breadcrumbs, salt and pepper.

Mix potato with butter, seasoning and half the beaten egg. Shape into small nests. Fill with meat, thoroughly mixed with sauce, parsley, and seasoning. Mould potato mixture up over filling. Roll into form of croquettes. Brush with egg and roll in browned crumbs. Deep-fry a golden brown. Drain on kitchen paper, serve hot.

MEXICAN EGG ROLL

Two cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder (or use 1 cup plain and 1 cup self-raising flour), 4oz. shortening, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 4 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper (may be omitted), 1 tablespoon chopped onion, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, white sauce or mayonnaise, pepper.

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder. Rub in one-quarter of the shortening and mix to a light dough with beaten egg and milk. Roll to oblong sheet. Spread on one-third of remaining shortening. Lightly sprinkle with flour, fold in three, and roll again. Repeat this process twice until the shortening is used. Roll to a thin sheet. Chop the eggs finely and mix with remaining ingredients, moistening with white sauce or mayonnaise. Spread on pastry, roll up as for a swiss-roll. Bake in hot oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serve in slices with a cheese sauce.

SAVORY CREAM CHARLOTTE

Six or 7 slices bread cut ¾in. thick, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 3 cups diced cooked vegetables (such as carrots, parsnips, turnips, beans), 2 cups white sauce (medium-thickness), 1½ cups minced cooked meat, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper, browned crumbs.

Grease a small cake-tin thickly and sprinkle with browned crumbs. Line with fingers of bread which have been brushed with beaten egg and milk. Combine the sauce and vegetables. Place half the vegetable mixture in the bread-lined tin. Cover with the mixed meat, onion, parsley, salt and pepper, and then the remainder of the vegetables. Top with fingers of bread, pouring remaining egg and milk on top. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes.

SALAD WITHIN, sandwich without, and frosted over with cold potato salad—that's the story of this ham-salad sandwich loaf. Lettuce, tomato, cucumber, and olives (if you have any on hand) provide the trimmings. See the recipe on this page.

MYSTERY CUP-CAKES

Cut tops off and scoop out centres of plain or sponge cup-cakes. Chop some preserved figs, mix with a little finely chopped preserved ginger in syrup, adding a little of the ginger syrup to moisten. Fold in some whipped cream and fill into cup-cakes. Place tops back on, dust with sifted icing-sugar.

Variations:

Chocolate cup-cakes are good filled with lemon chiffon, or butterscotch dessert (made from a packaged mix).

Gingerbread cup-cakes are delicious filled with semi-sweet cooked apple pulp mixed with an equal quantity sweetened whipped cream.

Any of these mystery cup-cakes are improved by storing in a cake-tin for a few hours before serving to allow flavor of filling to develop.

AMERICAN FISH PIE

One pound mashed potatoes, 2oz. grated cheese, ½oz. butter, ½lb. cooked fish, ½ pint white sauce, 1 egg-yolk, milk, made mustard, grated nutmeg, salt, cayenne pepper, lemon juice.

Heat potato with milk, beat in egg-yolk, seasonings, and half the cheese. Line an ovenware dish with two-thirds of the mixture, fill with fish and sauce combined and flavored with salt, lemon juice, cayenne, and nutmeg. Cover with balance of potato, sprinkle with remaining cheese. Dot with butter, bake in moderate oven until top is browned.

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Rene Suggests

This feature will appear weekly during Betty Keep's temporary absence.

THE stole is still high fashion. It comes in many beautiful and unusual versions to add an extra spot of glamor to your wardrobe.

This week I suggest two new-looking stole designs which you will find quite simple to make in materials to suit your taste.

The long stole with the turned-back collar effect requires 1¼yds. of 36in. material and the same quantity of lining.

This stole can be made without the lining, but it is a really lovely accessory when made reversible.

To cut out, fold the material lengthwise and cut along the fold line.

Then with the two lengths lying right sides together, mark off 7in. from the end on the bottom left-hand edge and 7in. from the other end on the top right-hand edge. Cut diagonally from the 7in. marks to the opposite corners as shown in the pattern diagram.

To make the stole, join the two lengths at one end to make the centre back seam, leaving 3in. of the seam unsewn at the cut-in edge to form the turned-back collar.

For an unlined stole, hem the edges neatly.

For a reversible stole, cut and make the lining exactly as for the stole. Then, with right sides of stole and lining together, join edges except for one end. Turn inside out, press, and carefully turn in edges at the remaining end. Finish neatly with stitches that do not show.

The circular wrap takes 1½ yds. of 54in. material or 3yds. of 36in. material and the same quantity of lining.

TWO VIEWS of the long reversible stole with the turned-back collar. A velvet stole, with a satin or taffeta reverse side in a contrasting color, makes a lovely wrap.

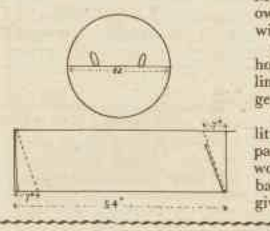
CIRCULAR STOLE is made with three layers of material, black lace over pink taffeta lined with black velvet. The turned-back lining gives a cowl effect. Pattern diagrams for the two suggested stole designs are at right.

The stole I have drawn has three layers of material—black lace over pink taffeta lined with black velvet.

Other suggestions are two contrasting materials, or black velvet or wool lined with black satin or taffeta.

This stole is a complete circle with a 52in. diameter.

First cut out the circle on a large sheet of white paper, then use this pattern to cut out the material and lining.



A pencil attached to one end of a piece of string which equals the radius of the circle, i.e., 26in. long, is a simple solution to the problem of drawing the circle. Pin the other end of the string firmly to the centre of the sheet of paper.

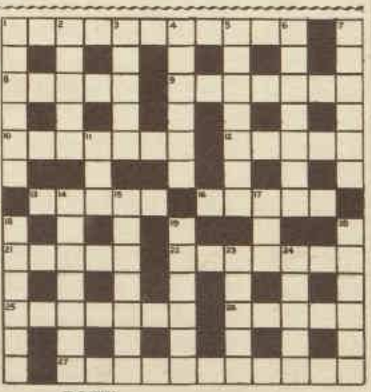
To make the stole, turn in the edges of the material and lining and sew together neatly and invisibly.

The armholes are placed just above the half-circle mark, as shown in the diagram. Measure the stole across your own back to judge the correct width between the armholes.

Cut out oval-shaped armholes, turn in the material and lining edges, and stitch together.

This evening wrap takes little time to make, and is particularly elegant when worn with the lining turned back above the armholes to give a cowled effect.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Resets a lute (Anagr. 4, 2, 5).
8. This what you pay and I see it in the middle (5).
9. Some of these wet-bobs get the blue, but they must be good (7).
10. Component part consisting of fifty in ease followed by one thousand and ten (7).
12. Heavenly hunter with belt and sword or electric particle (5).
13. Provided with weapon (5).
16. Custom starting from America (5).
21. Swing over this lifting bar and carouse (5).
22. North wind in the South of France full of mist (7).
25. Fire-arm in this French disturbed brain (7).
26. Relations are as nut (5).
27. Ann sees rest (Anagr. 11).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Strike lightly a favorite to get the part of the car which imparts intermittent motion (6).
2. Join with a parasite insect's egg in the middle (5).
3. Sailor and a disjointed fish in the white poplar (5).
4. Wine in a steamer takes part in pastime (6).
5. I sober you when drunk (7).
6. I and a politician in a fish walking lamely (7).
7. You can't speak of the dog without asking first: "Am I able?" (6).
11. Silent from both sides, so is mother (3).
14. Annul concerning metrical line (7).
15. Sooner (7).
17. Model of industry (3).
18. Pants miss in steamer (6).
19. Unit of current before following a politician (6).
20. Shuts a broken sole in the centre (6).
23. Begin the holy skill (5).
24. No soap after this (5).

Solution to last Week's crossword.

ALL UNDER-ARM HAIR GONE in 3 minutes

If you want to look glamorous all summer, make Veet cream a beauty "must." For Veet gently "creams away" every trace of superfluous hair. And with Veet there's no risk of razor cuts or scrapes. No stubble! Not even a shadow. No coarsened re-growth. Skin is left velvety smooth and hair-free. Remember ugly, unwanted hair is a definite *charm killer*. So get Veet. Successful results are guaranteed with Veet cream or money refunded.

EVEN IN COLD WEATHER woollies make under-arms a trap for perspiration. So beauty-wise girls, to avoid offending, always keep under-arms hair-free with Veet.

VEET removes hair like magic

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES

★ "Oh, my poor aching feet!"

REVITALISE WITH RADOX

Tired feet make your whole body feel years older. When they ache and burn, you must give the stifled pores a chance to breathe again. Revive feet in a Radox foot-bath. As the oxygen-charged water frees the pores of stale acid, your feet feel cool and refreshed.

RADOX Medicinal Bath Salts

*radiates oxygen

RA.8.4

15 hairsets for 3/11

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated Curlypet—squeeze Curlypet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used.

Get concentrated Curlypet for 3/11 from your chemist or store.

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

CN.4

SPINACH-STUFFED FISH FILLETS are delicious oven-poached and served with lemon. Mix 1½ cups breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ cup chopped cooked spinach. Bind with egg-yolk. Spread on fillets, roll up, secure with cocktail sticks. Oven-poach 15 to 20 minutes.

Prizes for readers

Readers from New Zealand, New South Wales, and Western Australia win cash prizes this week for their favorite recipes.

CARAMEL fruit chews, which win the main prize of £5, are a delicious way of introducing wholemeal into the diet.

Ox kidney, well soaked and carefully prepared, is quite satisfactory for the kidney and bacon casserole which wins a consolation prize, but sheep's kidneys have a more delicate flavor and should be used when possible.

Grape and lemon chiffon, another consolation prize-winner, is a good sweet to try while grapes are in season.

All spoon measurements are level.

CARAMEL FRUIT CHEWS

Two ozs. butter or substitute, ¼ cup brown sugar, 1 cup wholemeal self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Topping: Two eggs, 1¼ cups brown sugar, 4 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ cup chopped crystallised cherries, ½ cup chopped walnuts or mixed nuts, 1 cup desiccated coconut.

Cream butter and brown sugar; work in wholemeal flour and salt. Press into greased slab-tin 7in. x 10in. Bake in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes. Prepare topping. Beat eggs with brown sugar. Mix other ingredients together and add to egg mixture. Spread over foundation mixture, return to moderate oven for further 35 to 40 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, cut into fingers.

First Prize of £5 to A. E. Osborn, 50 Andover St., Merivale, Christchurch, N.Z.

GRAPE AND LEMON CHIFFON

Three-quarters packet lemon jelly, ½ pint hot water, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup ripe, peeled white grapes, 1 egg-white.

Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water, cool. Chop grapes, remove seeds, mix with sugar, lemon juice, and lemon rind. When jelly is beginning to thicken, fold in grapes, then stiffly beaten egg-white. Fill into wetted mould, chill. Prepare a custard using remaining egg-yolk, flavor with pulp of 1 or 2 passionfruit or ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Serve mould with custard and wafer biscuits. Decorate with extra grapes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Kiesey, 117 Marmion St., Cottesloe, W.A.

KIDNEYS WITH POTATO DUMPLINGS

One lb. ox kidney (or sheep's kidneys when available), 1½ tablespoons flour, salt and pepper to taste, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1½ cups water, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon vinegar, juice of 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon sherry, 1 teaspoon sugar, 4 rashers of bacon, extra flour.

Dumplings: One cup mashed potato, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 beaten egg, salt, pepper, 3 tablespoons self-raising flour.

Soak kidney ½ hour in salted water. Remove skin and membrane, cut into slices. Coat with extra flour. Mix flour, sugar, salt, pepper, and mustard to a smooth paste with water, add sauce, vinegar, lemon juice, and sherry. Chop bacon (rind removed), place a layer in ovenproof dish. Cover with a layer of kidneys, and repeat layers until all are used. Pour blended flour mixture over, cover, and bake in very moderate oven 1¾ to 2 hours. Prepare dumplings. Mix butter with potato, stir in beaten egg, salt and pepper to taste, and flour, making a stiff mixture. Shape into balls, place on kidneys in casserole 20 minutes before end of cooking time, adding a little more liquid to gravy, if necessary. Serve piping hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss E. Byrne, 34 Fitzroy St., Kirribilli, N.S.W.

CARAMEL FRUIT CHEWS are ideal for picnic fare or for lunch-boxes. See main prize-winning recipe above.

Kitchen notions

BATTER for meat-fritters is improved by the addition of a small quantity of dried breadcrumbs. The batter crisps as it cooks and browns.

★ ★ ★

TOMATOES ripen more quickly if kept in a dark cupboard or a thick paper bag and not in the sunlight or behind glass.

★ ★ ★

A PLASTIC cover (used for basins or bottles) slipped over cut end of marrow or cucumber will keep it fresh.

★ ★ ★

IN hot weather, a rolling-pin made by filling a large bottle with icy cold water helps to make a lighter, crisper pastry.

★ ★ ★

MARSHMALLOW biscuits, the ones with a little jam on the pastry circles covered with a spoonful of marshmallow, are extra good if popped under a hot griller until the marshmallow browns very lightly.

Have you tasted

Velveeta

lately?

NEW PROCESS gives "different" rich yet mild flavour ... adds precious lactose and milk minerals!

Precious lactose (milk sugar), milk minerals and Vitamin B_2 are lost in ordinary cheese-making. They are run off in the whey – gone forever. But Velveeta's *new process* puts them back – adds them to the other vitamins, protein, calcium and phosphates you and your family need for perfect health! The new process makes Velveeta spread like butter – in fact, you don't need butter! And the *new process* gives Velveeta a rich yet mild flavour everyone loves. Processed and pasteurized for purity.

Velveeta not only grills better than any cheese, it makes the most delicious toasted sandwiches for supper. Perfect for party savouries, for soufflés and omelettes.

Add flavour and food value to your cooked vegetables this way. Simply melt ¼ lb. of Velveeta in the top of a double boiler (or in ordinary saucepan stood in boiling water), stir in ¼ cup of milk, pour over vegetables.

Velveeta slices firmly and easily – and, when kept out of the refrigerator, it *spreads as smoothly as butter.* For a quick nourishing lunch at home, for the kiddies after school, spread Velveeta on bread or biscuits. And, of course, Velveeta for school lunches – it gives extra food values.

Velveeta FOR EXTRA VALUE!

Ask for the yellow packet.

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A doctor writes about . . .

Some of my patients

Burns must be treated quickly

Abdominal pain not always serious

LITTLE Bill Reynold's mother spoke frantically on the phone.

"Doctor, Bill's pulled a saucepan of boiling soup over himself. He's in awful pain!"

"Wrap him in a blanket and bring him up," I told her.

Bill is only three years old.

At a glance I could see he was badly burned. So the poor little chap was given an injection of morphia, which put him to sleep and enabled me to examine him properly.

Around his neck, arms, and hands he'd suffered second-degree burns, which were already blistered. After removing his clothing by cutting it off, I saw that most of the poor mite was covered with first-degree burns.

While Bill slept on I was able to treat the burns. I cut away the blistered skin with sterile scissors and covered it with sterile petroleum jelly gauze that contained penicillin. This helps ward off possible infection. I applied gauze swabs to absorb the fluid coming from the area of broken skin.

The less-damaged parts were covered with an antihistamine cream. This would sooth the little patient and, being absorbed through the skin, act as a sedative and prevent further tissue damage.

It was a very quiet and much-bandaged Bill whom I handed back to his upset mother.

"He should sleep most of to-night," I told her, "and I'll see him early to-morrow.

"Being summer he won't need bedclothes over him. They'd just be uncomfortable.

"He'll be sore for a while, but in a few days he should be chirpy again."

All toddlers should be soundly instructed into a great respect for dangerous things, particularly stoves.

And if a few sharp smacks is the only effective way of instilling such respect, why not apply them?

IT was Andrew Fergusen's wife, Betty, who rang an hour or so before we were due to visit the Fergusens last night.

"Andy hasn't come in yet, Greg," she said, "and I'd like a word with you."

"Go ahead," I told her and waited, wondering what could be troubling my old friend, who seemed always to be in great good health.

"He's pretty worried about a pain in his pinny which is fairly persistent," Betty said.

"He makes light of it, won't see anyone, and says he's too old fo have appendicits.

"Would you needle him on the subject when you talk to him to-night?"

"I certainly will, Betty," I assured her.

Later on I commended Betty on our pleasant dinner and asked Andrew:

"How about a little stroll to offset the extra ounces such a meal puts on to us middle-aged boys?"

He declined and mumbled something about "preferring to sit still these days."

"What's the matter, old man?" I asked. "You're looking a bit harassed. Don't you feel well?"

"To tell the truth, Greg," he confessed, "I've been putting up with a pain for some time now.

"This 'middle-aged' talk is O.K. for you, but I'm your senior by a good few years. I suppose I'm afraid that being 54 and having aches and pains may mean trouble."

"Now look here, Andrew. Don't be so glum. You've always been blessed with excellent health. Why go imagining all kinds of bogies until we see what is going on? I suggest you have an X-ray done to-morrow, if I can arrange it, and get the worry off your mind."

The X-ray was taken. I was able to greet him quite happily at the surgery when he called to hear the result.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well enough for you to stop worrying," I told him. "You've got something with a long name and a harmless enough nature when treated properly. It's diverticulitis of the large intestine, and that means that there are a number of small pouches projecting through the wall of the large intestine. I can't say how they began. Chronic constipation is one debatable theory. But it's what they do that's causing your pain.

"Instead of waste matter passing through the intestine, some remains in these pouches, and in time they get full of this waste matter and become infected and, as in your case, cause pain.

"It isn't anything to be frightened about.

"Of course, you'll have to take large doses of paraffin and avoid most fats, except butter and cream. Also, no raw vegetables, but I'll give you a correct list of the have-nots. And no strong pugatives, either. The oil will flood out the matter in the intestinal pouches and prevent anything else settling there. Then, my friend, your pain will go and you'll be your old self again!"

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person. We regret that our doctor cannot answer inquiries.

FAMILY SCRAPBOOK

BY DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

BURT LAMBERSON was different. While other ten-year-olds were playing ball, he collected butterflies. While they read comics, he pored over a nature magazine. His only real friend was the boy down the road who was "different" in the same kind of way.

The Lambersons were worried. To them, being one of the gang was of top importance. Mr. Lamberson, particularly, thought Burt should be forced to be a "good fellow," but forcing didn't seem to work. Finally, not knowing what else to do, he showed some interest in Burt's activities. The boy was delighted. Every night when his father came home, he would talk about the things he had discovered.

Not one of the gang

Though science remained Burt's main love, he liked to hear about his father's bowling team, and went with him to football matches.

It's hard for us not to try to make our children into the image we have of what a child should be; but it is natural that they often are different.

★ ★ ★

"IT still rings in my ears!" said Mrs. Graham. "When we are growing up, no matter what we did, mother would say, 'What will the neighbors think?' "

How important is it what the neighbors think?

That's not an easy question to answer. Of course, we strive to live in peace and harmony with other people, but there can be too much of a good thing. For children it is really much more important what other youngsters think.

Take, for instance, the Gilberts. Mrs. Gilbert was much influenced by the next-door neighbors who thought girls should be "little ladies." The other girls in the neighborhood wore blue jeans on Saturdays, but the Gilbert trio had to be dressed up. The neighbors thought they were lovely little children. Not so the other children. And the Gilbert girls were miserable, for they were pretty much left out of neighborhood play.

Normal, natural behaviour—children being childlike—is their birthright. We parents need to have the courage to stand firm in the face of criticism with which we really don't agree.

All names are fictitious.

It's the wick that does the trick!

Amazing new discovery kills indoor smells!

Only Air-wick contains CHLOROPHYLL

Chlorophyll—the wonder substance that nature uses to keep the grass and trees fresh and green—has now been scientifically combined with 125 other compounds used by nature to make Air-wick—the wonder-worker that makes smells non-existent. Air-wick is *not* a disinfectant. It doesn't just "cover-up" one smell with another—it eliminates smells. It works indoors exactly the way nature works, to keep the air fresh.

Imagine yourself free from cooking smells working in a kitchen where the air is *always* "country-fresh". Boil cauliflower, cabbage, fry fish—burn fat, peel onions—with Air-wick in action there is absolutely NO SMELL. The air is as fresh as if you were strolling in the country.

Think of how sweet life would be without any stale tobacco fumes—no more musty, stuffy rooms with Air-wick in the house.

Money-back guarantee. If, after using Air-wick according to instructions, you are not satisfied, return the partly used bottle and we will reimburse you.

Air-wick kills tobacco smells. *Stale tobacco smells, always in the air the "morning after", are quickly killed when you open a bottle of Air-wick.*

Air-wick kills laundry smells. *Air-wick quickly kills those laundry and cooking smells men detest. Use Air-wick in the bathroom and sick room.*

Hundreds of thousands of Australian housewives regularly use Air-wick

—exactly the same product that is used regularly in over 11,000,000 American homes and has such phenomenal sales in England. Air-wick is the only air-freshener sold in Australia that contains Chlorophyll.

A2

So simple to use. Unscrew the cap, pull up the wick, place Air-wick above the source of the smell and LEAVE. . . . Air-wick kills smells like magic.

Air-wick

COSTS LESS THAN ONE PENNY A DAY TO USE

Use Air-wick once and you'll realise it's a necessity in your home. Sold by all chemists, grocers, hardware and general stores

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USE THE ONE AND ONLY
Safe Effective

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REMOVE WASTE —NOT FOOD!

Poor elimination is mostly due to poor digestion because 80% of elimination takes place in the intestinal tract. Such poor elimination can't be helped by digestive powders and stomach pacts.

Carter's natural, soothing pre-elimination gently unblocks systems clogged-up from simple causes. It promotes the free flow of all of nature's important, digestive juices. Carter's helps nature to restore the natural power of elimination. Removes only waste—not food—another reason why these little pills help you feel so much better. So gentle . . . not habit-forming . . . get Carter's Little Liver Pills at your chemist or store today. C2-4

Fashion PATTERNS

Pattern for Beginners
F2390.—Beginners' pattern for little girl's frock with full skirt and pretty braided yoke. Sizes: Lengths, 17in., 18in., and 19in. for 1, 2, and 3 years. Requires 1¾yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. flowered braid. Price, 2/-.

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty., Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 866, G.P.O., Auckland.

F2389.—Smart frock with nipped-in waist, full skirt, and adjustable collar. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material, allowing for three-quarter-length sleeves; or 5yds. 36in. material for short sleeves. Price, 3/6.

F2392.—Halter-neck nightgown with cross-over bodice and gathered waistline. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 36in. material, 1¾yds. 1½in. satin ribbon, and ½yd. 2in. satin ribbon. Price, 4/6.

F2391.—Ideal frock for cooler days, with smart vestee. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast, allowing for three-quarter-length sleeves; or 4½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast for short sleeves. Price, 3/6.

F2393.—Trim blouse and skirt with button-up skirt and double-breasted effect on blouse. Sizes: Blouse, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material; skirt, 26in. to 32in. waist. Requires 1¾yds. 54in. material. Price, 4/6.

F2388.—One-piece with buttoned-over bodice and set-in sleeves. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast, allowing for three-quarter-length sleeves; or 4½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast for short sleeves. Price, 3/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 383.—THREE D'OYLEYS
In three attractive designs, these d'oyleys are obtainable traced ready to embroider. The material is a good quality heavy Irish linen in cream; sheer linen in shades of blue, lemon, green, pink, and white; or fine British cotton in shades of blue, lemon, pink, and green. Each d'oyley measures 8in. x 8in. Price, linen, 1/6 each; postage, 3d. extra; or set of 3, 4/3; postage, 7d. extra. Cotton, 1/3 each; postage, 3d. extra; or set of 3, 3/6; postage 7d. extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

No. 385.—SUPPER-CLOTH AND SERVIETTES
Pretty supper-cloth with matching serviettes, obtainable traced ready to embroider on heavy Irish linen, in cream; also in sheer linen in shades of sky-blue, pink, lemon, green, and white. Cloth measures 36in. x 36in., and serviettes 11in. x 11in. Price, cloth, 21/3. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra. Serviettes, 1/6 each. Postage, 3d. extra. The cloth is also obtainable traced ready to embroider on heavy Irish linen, in white. Cloth measures 54in. x 54in. Price, 42/11. Postage and registration, 1/10 extra. Serviettes to match, 1/6 each. Postage, 3d. extra.

No. 382.—FROCK
Designed in trim style for summer wear, the frock is obtainable cut out ready to make in checked woven Dutch seersucker. The color choice is green, pink, and white; green, blue, and white; and pink, blue, and white. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 38/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 39/11. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

No. 384.—BOY'S SUN-SUIT
Useful sun-suit for the small boy, obtainable cut out ready to make in Bonnie Prince haircord striped cotton. The color choice includes red and white; green and white; yellow and white; blue and white; and pink and white. Sizes: Length, 18in. for 2 years, 11/6; 19in. for 3 years, 12/3; 20in. for 4 years, 13/3; 23in. for 5-6 years, 13/11. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra.

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It's crystal-clear—hasn't got the ugly yellow look.
Doesn't bubble like other tapes — every inch sticks firmly.
Unrolls easily as you use it, sticks at a touch.
Sellotape is consistent—you don't get one good roll, one bad roll.

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7/6 — less 10% for six-roll lots

Ask your storekeeper for
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SEALS WITHOUT WATER
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KEEP FRESHER! First, Bathe. Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talcum all over the body. How fresh it leaves you. And cool! Divinely cool.
FEEL SMOOTHER! Pamper the sensitive spots with extra Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Its silken sheet of protection insures you against chafing.
STAY DAINTIER! It's an inexpensive luxury to use Cashmere Bouquet Talcum lavishly and often. Gives your person the fragrance men love.

Cashmere Bouquet Talcum
"With the fragrance men love"

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Continued from page 3

Bawley demanded. "Say, Leslie, where at's Jordy and Luz?"

"They're waiting for you, dying to see you."

"I suppose old Polo's got Jordy up on a horse roping a steer every morning before breakfast."

Leslie tucked her arm through his as they walked toward the verandah. "Jordy doesn't like riding. He isn't even interested in horses, much."

"No!"

"I sometimes think perhaps he's a little like you—when you were a child."

"Poor little maverick."

"Luz is the rancher and cowboy. Do you know what that baby did! She somehow got hold of Jordy's riding things—his boots and rope and hat and all—she wriggled into the outfit every which way and there she was wobbling around in high heels and the pants wrong side to, and the Stetson down over her ears. I've never heard Jordan laugh like that."

"Luz, h'm?" He glanced, a quick sidewise look, at Leslie. "She sounds like she's taking after—Uh, she bossy too?"

"Well, independent."

"And Bick, he's bent on breaking Jordy in already, I bet."

"Yes."

"There's a difference between breaking in and just plain breaking."

"Somebody will have to help me. Later."

"I'm good for another fifteen eighteen years — maybe twenty. Well, I guess I'll go hunt up the kids."

"I'll be with you in a minute," Leslie told him. "I want to talk to papa."

"Yes," he said, as though in answer to an unspoken question. "I'd do that."

Alone with her father in Bick's office she put it to him squarely. "Why did you put him to bed?"

"Shock," Doctor Lynnton said, his manner very easy. "And it was the best place for a man as crazy mad as Bick was. Take away a man's pants and he can't go far."

"I don't think that was your real reason." They stood facing each other, the man benign, controlled; the woman determined to hear what she feared. "If you don't tell me I'll send for Doctor Tom."

Horace Lynnton seated himself at Bick's desk, he motioned his daughter to a chair. Suddenly they were no longer merely father and daughter, they were physician and patient. Leslie's steady eyes did not leave his face.

"That young savage didn't do Bick any real physical harm. Uncomfortable, though, a terrific dirty blow like that." He was looking down at his own square, blunt-fingered hands spread out on the desk top. "Later, after we'd brought him round and put him to bed, I thought I'd give him a real going-over while I was about it. Of course I didn't have the proper equipment."

"Well?"

"Did he ever complain—that is, does he ever get short of breath?"

"No. At least I haven't noticed it if——"

Now he looked up and full into his daughter's eyes. "It's a thing that has to do with the heart. Now wait a minute. It isn't the heart itself. That's a perfectly sound muscle, I'd say. But the big artery that feeds it."

She looked down at her own hands gripped tightly in her lap. "What do we do now?"

"Nothing. And don't look so serious. I don't believe I'd even say anything to him, just now. Apprehension is sometimes worse than the disease. If you could manage to have him not quite so active, not galloping hundreds of miles on those horses, up before dawn, running this *empire* single-handed."

"He loves it more than anything or anyone. It's his life."

"It's his life."

"He can't do things halfway. It's always extremes. A rage one minute, angelic the next."

"Rages are bad for him."

"He's only like that when he's crossed in something he wants to do."

"From what I've learned about your Bick these past days, roaming around this enormous place, I've gathered that Bick's father ruled him—and the ranch—like an emperor. Then this sister Luz took his father's place and his mother's, too. Now I gather the rest of the family are at odds with him. He's interested in experiment and they're interested in income."

"He'll never change, Papa. You might as well ask the Gulf wind to be quiet. What shall I do!"

"Twenty years from now, when he's pushing those middle fifties, make him rein in. Now it's a matter of not taking things so emotionally and not doing everything himself. Just hold on to his coat-sleeve now and then, if he's going too fast. Leslie, I'll tell him if you want me to."

"He'd only go faster, in defiance. He is like that."

When the family left Reata—the Lynntons and the Karfreys to the east, Uncle Bawley to the west—a new peace seemed to settle down upon the Main House, upon the ranch, even upon the town of Benedict.

"Families are fine," Bick announced. "But they should be exposed to each other one member at a time. That goes for my family, too, so don't get your feathers up."

"But Jordan, I couldn't agree with you more. It was wonderful to have them and to see them here——"

"And to see them go."

For the first time since her coming to Texas she felt something that was almost contentment. She had seen her old home and her friends in Virginia; her family had seen her new home. There, she thought. That's that. Now then. Jordan. Jordy. Luz.

Suddenly, as she looked at herself in the mirror there in the intimate quiet of their room—the guests gone, the children asleep, the world their own—she had a disquieting thought. She turned to stare at her husband.

"Jordan! We're the older generation, aren't we? Suddenly."

"Not me," he said firmly. "Maybe you, old girl."

"No, but I mean it. Jordy and Luz are the next generation we're always talking about. How did that happen? What's become of ours? We were the next generation until just a minute ago."

"It's always the next generation. I never could understand why they were always the generation that mattered—the next generation. They're always supposed to be better or smarter or more important. And we're supposed to sacrifice for them. So perhaps you're right, we are the older generation all of a sudden. Gosh! And I was feeling right romantic a minute ago."

"Jordan, would you sacrifice for Jordy? And Luz?"

"Sacrifice what?"

"Anything. Beginning with life itself."

"Let's not get dramatic, honey. I've had a hard day in the salt mines."

"But I mean. Just suppose—for example, I mean—that Jordy should want to be something different, be something besides a Benedict of Reata. What would you say?"

"Jordy's going to be a cowman. I'm not going to live forever."

"Yes, but suppose when he's eighteen or twenty he says he wants to be—oh, an engineer or a poet or a doctor or President of the United States or an actor or a lawyer. You wouldn't actually stop him!"

"Wouldn't I!"

. . . . .

Jordy grew tall and slim. Jordy grew handsome and tall. Jordy was possessed of quiet charm and looked like his mother and walked in the footsteps of his father and loathed the daily deadly grinding business of roping and branding and castrating and feeding and breeding and line-riding and fence-building and dipping and shipping.

"I want you to know everything," Bick said again and again. "A Benedict ought to be able to do anything on Reata that any hand can do, white or Mexican. I could, at your age. Maybe as a kid I wasn't as good as the older men. But good enough. That's the way I was brought up."

In the choking dust the boy learned to cut out a calf, a cow, a steer from the vast herd. He would ride in among the bellowing animals, sigzagging this way, that way in pursuit of the desired quarry. Bick, mounted on his own horse, would stand watching nearby, immobile as an equestrian statue.

Grudgingly, at the end of a long burning day of grinding work he might say, "You did pretty well, son."

"Thanks, Papa." The boy did not raise his eyelids to look at his father. Leslie always said those long, silky lashes were wasted on a boy. "Thanks, Papa." He looked down at his leather-bitten hands.

Leslie called Bick's attention to a little defect of speech that somehow seemed more pronounced as the boy grew older. At first it had seemed a childish trick, rather endearing. "Jordan, have you noticed that Jordy stutters quite a lot? Especially when he's upset."

"He'll outgrow it."

"But it's worse than it was. A real stammer."

"Lots of kids do that. Their ideas come faster than they can talk."

"Jordy isn't really a little boy any more. And Luz wears lipstick automatically. Let's face it. They're almost grown-ups."

No one needed to say do-this, do-that to Luz. She had taken to horses as other little girls demand dolls and lollipops. By the time she was twelve she could cling like a cat to an unsaddled horse's back.

Riding low she could stay plastered to the side of a quarter horse running through the brush, a wilderness of thorns and branches, the twining arms of one mesquite interlocked with the arms of the next and the next so that they formed a bristling barrier.

BICK'S admonitions to his daughter were the reverse of the orders he issued to his son. You're not to ride alone in the brush. Hear me! . . . Keep away from the stallion, you crazy!"

Now her physical resemblance to her father was startling. The sunburned blond hair, the blue eyes that gazed unsquinting almost straight into the glaring sun. She stood as he stood, she spoke with his inflections. Headstrong. Direct. Somewhat insensitive.

When the Snyth twins, arrayed in identical pink, were bound for this or that festivity, Luz, in pants and shirt, would be down in the corral or sprawled, grease-grimed, over a balky car.

"Luz, the Snyth twins have been on the telephone for hours. They say you promised to pick them up. Scrape that grease off and hustle into your clothes. It's a seventy-mile drive, it'll take you at least—"

"Why don't they take themselves! I'm tired of those cow belles hanging around, my neck."

The Reata vaqueros worshipped the girl. In the non-Mexican line-house families, she was as likely to be found eating with them as at home.

To the Dietz family she was as casual as one of their own sons or daughters.

From Bob Dietz, eleven years her senior, she unconsciously received a fundamental education in the sciences embracing soil, seeding, feeding, breeding. During his summer vacations from the University of Texas and, later, from Cornell, he worked as a matter of course on Reata.

Whenever he permitted her, Luz rode with him or drove with him, a wide-eyed child in pigtails, her mind absorbed as a thirsty desert plant. She was twelve. Fourteen. Fifteen.

Leslie took this up with her husband. "Jordan, Luz spends all her time with that Dietz boy."

"I wish Jordy did. Bob Dietz knows more about modern ranching than any man on the place. Of course some of his ideas are cuckoo. I'm all for modern methods but some of this stuff they give them at college!"

"Yes, but I mean Luz isn't a child any more. Bob's a nice boy, and smart——"

"I'll tell you how smart I think he is. Someday that kid's going to be general manager of Reata unless Jordy pulls up his socks and gets going. That would be a fine thing, wouldn't it! A Benedict just a kind of figure-head on Reata."

"I'm talking about Luz. She's down at the corral or galloping around with Bob Dietz the minute he's home."

Bick waggled his head in admiration. "Gill Dace says she knows more about the stock than his boys do. He says the first time he used that fifty-thousand-dollar Kashmir bull on the new prize heifer Luz was down there telling him about the advantages of artificial insemination."

"Oh, Jordan!"

"This is Reata, honey. Luz knows by this time that the stork doesn't bring our calves."

"Oh, well, she'll be going away to school next year."

Luz, the outspoken, ranging the countryside in the saddle or at the wheel, came home with bits and pieces of gossip and information which she dispensed perhaps not as artlessly as one might think. Mealtime frequently was enlivened by her free-association chatter.

"They say Aunt Luz was always trying to keep people from getting married, she couldn't bear the thought . . . Papa, they say when you brought Mama home you were more scared than if you'd been a horse-thief . . .

"They say Aunt Luz took to her bed with a fever so she wouldn't have to go to the wedding when you were married, and she actually did have a fever, isn't it wonderful! Of course in those days they didn't understand about psychosomatic illness. And they say——"

"Hold on! Who's this They?" Bick demanded.

"Oh, around. I forget who."

"Well, you just forget all the rest of it then! The whole drivelling pack of lies."

She would regard her father with the disconcerting gaze of the young merciless. "Is it true, Bick honey, that every woman in Texas tried to get you? They say there wasn't a prize catch like you since before Sam Houston got married."

"I'm sure it's true," Leslie agreed briskly. "It took me two whole days to land him. And in Virginia that's considered overtime."

"They say there was a schoolteacher named Cora Dart at the ranch school and there was some hanky-panky going on between her and you, Papa, and then—"

Angrily, "Who's been telling you this stuff?"

"I don't remember. Somebody at the Beezers' barbecue. I wish people were as romantic as that now. It sounds like a movie. They say Cora Dart tried like everything to marry you. She's the one that crazy Jett Rink married and divorced, isn't she? The first one. And when papa married you Cora Dart took up with this horrible Jett—you should just hear the stories about him! — and when Aunt Luz learned what was going on she made Cora Dart leave the ranch, and they say Aunt Luz was really in love with Jett Rink herself even if she was old enough to be his mother, really it all sounds so fascinating and uncouth I just wish—"

The hot red of fury suffused Bick's face.

"Now Jordan!" came Leslie's voice, cool and calm. "Now Jordan, don't get upset over nonsense. You know it's not good for—for anyone."

Like twin scenes in a somewhat clumsy comedy the boy and the girl privately confided each in the parent who was sympathetic.

"Look, Mama," Jordy said. "I wish you'd speak to papa."

"You're a big hulking boy now, Jordy. Isn't it time you did your own speaking? And time you stopped this calling us mama and papa?"

"He says that's what he called his parents. When it comes to human beings everything has got to be done around here just as it was a hundred years ago. Reata without end, amen! Of course cattle that's different. It's no good my trying to talk to him. He acts as if I were ten years old and feeble-minded."

Jordy's entire aspect changed when he talked to his mother. He was a man, assertive, rebellious, almost confident. In his father's company he dwindled to a timorous hesitant boy.

"What is it you want to speak to him about?"

"Harvard. That's part of the old pattern. But it happens that that's what I want more than anything in the world.

"You do!"

"Yes. But not for his reasons. They've got the best Pre-Med course in the country. And after that I want Columbia University P and S."

"Now wait a minute. Being a doctor's daughter I know Pre-Med means—"

"That's right. Premedical. And Columbia's Physicians and Surgeons has got it all over the others. Besides, the New York hospitals give you a better chance at material than any city in the world except maybe London."

She stared at him. "You want to be a doctor."

"I'm going to be."

"Oh, Jordy! Your grandfather will be so happy to know—"

"Yeah, that's fine, but I don't want to slide along on his reputation. He's in all the encyclopaedias and medical books and everybody knows about him. When I'm through I want to work right here in Texas. A Mexican with tuberculosis here hasn't got a chance. There's a Doctor Guerra in Vientecito, he's got a clinic. I'd give anything to—"

"Your father takes the most wonderful care of the people on Reata. You know that. Free medical attention and all that."

"Uh-huh. The cattle, too."

"Your father probably will be delighted. You'll have a use for all that medical knowledge right there on Reata."

"I don't want to use it here on Reata. I want to be free to work where I want to work

She knew she must tell him. "Jordy, your father isn't as strong as he seems. It's a heart thing. The arteries that feed it—"

"Yes, I know."

"You do!"

"I've learned a lot about the human body down at the lab with Gill and out on the range doctoring the stock with him and the boys. It isn't the same, of course. But there are quite a few hearts and lungs and livers and lights in a Reata herd."

"Your father expects you to take his place someday." She must know if he was strong enough to reject this.

He stood up. "I'd die for papa if it was a quick choice between his life and mine. But I won't live for him."

"He won't consent to it, Jordy. Even if we're both for it."

He saw, then, that she was with him. The boy's brooding face came alive.

"I haven't any money, Jordy. You know how it is on Reata. Millions, but nobody's got ready cash."

"Don't I know it!" Jordy greed ruefully.

Quietly she said, "Uncle Bawley will do it if your father won't."

"Old Bawley! What makes you think so?"

"He will. I know."

Luz used the more direct approach in her talk with her father.

"I'm not going to Wellesley."

"What does your mother say to that?"

"She doesn't know."

"The Benedict girls always go to Welledey."

"No girlie school for this one."

"Oh, I suppose Yale, huh? Or maybe Harvard with Jordy." He laughed at his own joke, not very heartily.

"You're warm. Cornell."

"You're crazy."

"You go to college to learn something. Cornell has got the really scientific husbandry course."

"You've got a little-girl crush on Bob Dietz. If he took a course in dressmaking in Paris that's probably what you'd want to do all of a sudden."

She faced him angrily. "You wouldn't say that to Jordy."

"Your mother says you've concentrated too much on cows already. She thinks a year or so in one of those schools in Switzerland."

Elaborately casual, Bick and Leslie approached the subject, each testing the other. Until almost eleven that night he had been working in his office that adjoined the Main House dining-room. Now it was time for that last cup of coffee in the Texas coffee ritual.

Leslie had brought the tray to him and she had said, "Jordan, all this coffee so late at night, it can't be good for you, anyway you don't get enough sleep up at—" when she stopped. She put the tray down on his desk, he leaned back in his chair and looked up at her.

"What's the matter?"

"It just came to me that I was saying something I've said five thousand times. I must be getting old."

"If it weren't so late at night I'd make you a gallant speech about that, honey. But anyway I realized to-day we've got a couple of grown-up kids."

"Just to-day?"

"Know what Luz said? Of course she's too young to know what she really wants. But she said she won't go to Wellesley or even to that school in Switzerland you're so stuck on."

"What then?"

"Say—get this—says she wants to go to Cornell and take the husbandry course."

"No!" But even as she uttered this monosyllable of rejection she thought, Well, perhaps we can make a bargain. "We've hatched a couple of odd fledglings, darling. Jordy says he wants to be a doctor."

Bick shrugged this off. "Over my dead body."

"I feel the same about Luz."

Almost warily they eyed each other like fighters in their corners.

"Anyway, Jordy's going to start his first year at Harvard this autumn, just as we always have."

"Don't you think that's a sort of outworn family tradition now? Unless he's going to learn something really valuable and practical? You Benedict boys were sent East for—what was it?—a polish. Jordy doesn't need it."

"He's going."

"It takes seven years of college and medical school to learn to be a doctor."

"Now look here, Leslie, I don't want to hear any more of that."

"It might be a good idea if Luz skipped Wellesley and went to Switzerland right off. She could use a swipe of polish, if you ask me."

"They're both too young to know what they're doing. One thing's sure. Jordy's going to run Reata. He's going to learn."

Jordy learned. He rode magnificently. He spent days and nights and weeks and months out on the range with the vaqueros, sleeping as they slept, eating as they ate. Old Polo's family became as much a part of Jordy's life as his own. Old Polo taught him from his rich store of knowledge acquired through the centuries before the Anglo-Saxon had set foot on this hot, brilliant land.

Polo's wrinkled wife gave Jordy strange unguents and weird brews to use when he had a cold or a fever (Leslie threw these out). Polo's handsome daughter-in-law fed him hot spicy Mexican dishes, Polo's pretty little granddaughter, Juana, one of a brood of eight, gazed at him adoringly, managing demurely to convey with her eyes that which a proper young Mexican girl must not express in words.

Young Jordy in the saddle and Bick mounted nearby, with Polo on his miraculous quarter horse that he had trained to work reinless, guided only by a pressure of the knee or by weight of the rider's body thrown from this side to that. In the lean, brown hands that looked so fragile and that yet were so strong was the rope that obeyed his every wish like a sentient thing, whirling, leaping, performing figures in mid-air.

"The media cabeza," Bick called to Jordy. "The half head. Now watch Polo. The loop will catch the bull behind one ear and horn and in front of the other and then under the jaw. All at once. That's a mean-acting bull."

Out would go the rope, snakelike, curving, looping. The huge animal was stopped dead in his tracks.

"Maravilloso! Rubueno!" Jordy shouted.

"Shut up, Jordy. You telling Polo he's good!"

"Yes, but did you notice his hands?"

"Hands! What do you suppose he uses——"

"I mean"—sotto voce—"the old boy's got a little tremor, see, in the right hand, but when it came to throwing the rope he controlled it. That's pretty terrific."

"This isn't a diagnosis, this is roping, what's the matter with you!"

Young Angel Obregon, shorn now of his long black braids, needed no such instruction. Of the two inevitable reactions to his childhood years of petticoat servitude he had chosen the tough one. He rode as one of his charro ancestors. At sixteen he was a swaggerer, a chain smoker, the despair of his father, Angel, and his mother, Deluvina.

At seventeen he spurned Reata with all its years of Obregon family loyalty. He took a job as bellboy at the Hake in Vientecito and on his visits to the ranch he swaggered the streets of Benedict in sideburns, fifty-dollar boots, silk shirt, his hair pomaded to the lustre of black oilcloth. He and his friends affected a dialect made up of Mexican jargon, American slang, Spanish patois. His talk was of cars and girls.

The Reata vaqueros said of him, in Spanish, "He's trying to change the color of his eyes to blue." Young Angel ran with the bonche.

His father, Angel Obregon the caporal, his mother were by turns furious and sad at this metamorphosis. He was a disgrace to the raza — the proud race of Mexican people. They spoke to the padre about him. To old Polo. Even to the patron, Bick Benedict.

Almost tearfully Angel Obregon said. "He is a good boy, Angel. It is as if some bruja, some evil witch, had him under a spell. He is without respect for the things of life."

Thoughtfully Bick agreed. "I don't know what's the matter with the kids to-day. They're all alike." He hesitated a moment. But it was a temptation to talk to someone who felt as he did—someone to whom Reata was life, was the world. "My son doesn't have the real feeling about Reata."

They were speaking in Spanish. Bick looked at this man whose blood for generations had gone into Reata. He wanted Angel to dispute his statement, he wanted him to say, no, you are wrong, he is a sincere Benedict, the type genuino. But instead Angel now nodded in sorrowful agreement.

Curiously enough, the friendship of the two boys endured. On Angel's rare visits home he and Jordy discarded the pretence they wore in the presence of their parents. They heard each other in understanding.

"Vaquero with twenny or twenny-five-dollars a month," Angel said, and laughed scornfully. "Sometimes I earn that in two days at the Hake if there's a big poker game on in one of the rooms, or a drinking bunch, and I'm on duty."

JORDY listened quietly. Angel went on, "Vaquero like my father and his father and his father, not me! I want to marry with Marita Rivas, Dimodeo Riva's daughter. But I don't want my kid to be vaquero, and his kid and his kid. Now who does that is borlon."

Jordy said, "My father is always experimenting to get better beef. The perfect all-meat, all-tenderloin, heat-proof, tickproof beef animal. That's good, that's swell. But I want to do that with people, not animals. TB-proof Mexican-Americans, that would be even better."

On parting Angel no longer said, "Adios!" He used the Mexican slang of the city. "Ay te watcho!" I'll be seeing you.

Bick Benedict decided the time had come for action. He would have a talk with Bob Dietz, the kid had finished at Cornell, he'd speak to him now. He called the Dietz telephone at suppertime.

"Bob? . . . Bick Benedict . . . Bob, I want to talk to you about something important. Jump into your car and come over here about eight."

But Bob Dietz, it seemed, was going to a Grange meeting. Somewhat nettled, Bick said, "You can go to a Grange meeting another time, this is important."

"I'm sorry," Bob said, "but I'm the speaker there this evening. I'm scheduled to talk on soil and crop rotation. I'll be glad to come to-morrow if that's all right with you."

"You turned into a dirt farmer or something?" Bick jeered.

"Just about," Bob Dietz said genially. "To-morrow okay then?"

Bob arrived before eight. Bick in his office heard his voice and Luz' laugh from the direction of the verandah, they seemed to have a lot to say to each other, though Luz did most of the talking, there was the slower, deeper undercurrent of Bob's voice with a curiously vibrant tone in it. Frowning, Bick came to the door. "Bob! Come on in here. I'm waiting for you."

"Oh, I thought I was a little early."

Bick preceded him into the office, he motioned him to a chair, he sat back and looked at the young fellow, he thought, golly that's a handsome hunk of kid. There was rather an elaborate silence during which Bob Dietz did not seem ill at ease.

"You wondering why I sent for you, I suppose."

"Why, no, Mr. Benedict. Not especially."

"You'd better be. I've got something pretty important to say to you." There was another silence. Bob Dietz did not squirm or shuffle his feet or cough. Bick thought he never had seen such clear eyes. The whites were blue, like a baby's.

"I've been watching you pretty close these past few years. Ever since you were a little kid. Now I'm going to come to the point. Reata may have dropped a million acres or so in the past fifty years, but it's bigger than ever in more important ways. This isn't just a ranch any more, it's a great big industrial plant, and run like one. It takes experts. I know about you—well say, I ought to—and I've checked up on you at Cornell. And what they say there is pretty hot."

Bob Dietz looked mildly pleased. He said nothing.

"I'm not getting any younger—that's what my wife calls a cliche—" Bick was a trifle startled to see Bob Dietz grin at this. "Anyway ten years from now this is going to be too much for me even with Jordy taking over a lot of it. I want to start you in now. From what they said about you, and from what I know, I'm not making a mistake. Soil. Irrigation. Breeding. Feeding. Crops. You know the works. My plan is, you start in next spring. I've got a ten-year plan and then another ten-year plan, and so on. Say, the Russians haven't got anything on us at Reata, huh?

"At the end of ten years you'll be general manager around here—under me and Jordy. At the end of another ten years — well, anyway, you're fixed for life. And good. Now don't tell me any more, when I call up, about how you have to go to a Grange meeting. Got it?"

"I think so, Mr. Benedict."

"You'll want to go home and talk this over with your folks," Bick told him. "You ought to. You go along home and mull this over and we'll talk about it again, say, day after to-morrow, that's Wednesday."

"I know now," Bob Dietz said. "I couldn't do it."

"Couldn't do what?"

"A ten-year plan—a twenty-year plan—the rest of my life on Reata, like my father. I want a place of my own."

"You crazy kid! A place of your own. Do you imagine you'll ever have a ranch like Reata!"

"Oh, no sir! I wouldn't want it. I want a little piece of land of my own for experimentation. Never anything big. That's the whole point. Big stuff is old stuff now."

"Is that so!" Bick was stunned with anger, he could feel something pinching his chest, little pains like jabs. "So big is old-fashioned now, huh?"

"I didn't mean to be—I didn't go to make you mad, Mr. Benedict. I just mean that here in Texas maybe we've got into the habit of confusing bigness with greatness. They're not the same. Big. And great. Why at Cornell, in lab, they say there's a bunch of scientists here in the United States working on a thing so little you can't see it—a thing called the atom. It's a kind of secret but they say if they make it work — and I hope they can't—it could destroy the whole world, the whole big world just like that. Bang."

As he left Luz must have been waiting to see him go. Sitting in his office, stunned, furious, Bick heard them talking and laughing together again. Then their voices grew fainter. To his surprise he rushed out to stop them like a father in a movie comedy. They were just stepping into Bob Dietz' car.

"Luz! Where you going!" Bick yelled.

"Down to Smitty's for a Coke."

"You stay home!" But they were off down the drive in the cool darkness.

Leslie appeared from somewhere, she slipped her hand into his arm, she leaned against his shoulder. "Luz is almost grown up, darling. Girls of her age don't have to ask permission to go down to Smitty's for a Coke."

. . . . . .

"Someday," Texas predicted, wagging its head in disapproval, but grinning, too, "someday that locoed Jett Rink is agoing to go too far. There's a limit to shenanigans, even his."

Other men might conduct their lives outrageously but Jett Rink, striding the oil-soaked earth in hundred-dollar boots, had become a living legend. His striding was done at the controls of an aeroplane or at the wheel of a luxury car or on a golden palomino with tail and mane of silver.

A fabric made up of truth and myth was hung about his swaggering shoulders. Wherever men gathered to talk together there was a fresh tale to tell which they savored even while they resented it.

"Did you hear about that trip of his, hunting there back of Laredo? Seems him and that Yerb Packer were in that hunting shack Jett's got there. They were eating in the kitchen—you know Jett—drinking more than eating I reckon, and with this and that they got to quarrelling and then to fighting. They were clawing an gouging like a couple of catamounts, blood running down their faces, their clothes half tore off.

"Well, Yerb clouts Jeff a real sock and Jett reaches out

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382111

GIANT: BY EDNA FERBER

on the shelf there for a big bottle of some kind of fluid like it kills bugs and you pour it down the sink and plumbing and so on. It's got acid in it or something. Anyway, he fetches Yerb a crack over the head with it, the bottle busts and the stuff pours all over Yerb, liked to burned the hide right off him, they say he'll be months . . ."

". . . You know that hospital for old vets of the World War, a bunch of them been sitting around there for years now, poor devils, went in maybe when they were twenty after the war, thinking they'd be out cured, and now they're forty and more, some of them, and never will be out.

Well, somebody sent over a bunch of free tickets for the football game. So the bus took some of them that was well enough to go to the game.

"But along about the middle of the game a mean norther blew up, rain and cold, and quite a few folks skedaddled for home. This one old fella he gets soaked, he wasn't feeling too good to begin with, a artificial leg and all. So he leaves, he starts heading down the road toward the car-park, he figures somebody will sure pick him up and give him a lift back to the hospital. Well, along behind comes Jett in his car, he's got those strong-arm guys always riding with him. Jett's driving through, you know how he is, he'd been liquoring up to keep warm. You know the way he drives, even sober a hundred miles is crawling to him.

"This lame old vet don't hear him coming or maybe Jett don't see him in the thick rain, he misses him by an inch. Well, the vet gives a quick jump, just barely saves himself and falls down a-course with that leg and all, but he scrambles up and shakes his fist at Jett like a fella in a play and he lets out a line of language even Jett Rink couldn't do better. Jett gets a earful of this, and what does he do, he gets out with those guys with him and they beat-up this old cripple, they hit him around the head and all, they say he's lost his hearing.

"I hear Jett paid out quite a hunk afterwards, but just the same what I say is someday Jett Rink's agoing to go too far."

"What became of the first woman he married? Schoolteacher, wasn't she? Imagine!"

"Oh, that was a million years ago. He's had two others since then. Maybe three I haven't kept track. Second one was a secretary of his, must have had something big on him."

Sometimes he strode, very late, into one of the big city shops when they were about to close for the day. He liked to inconvenience them, he felt deep power-satisfaction in compelling the saleswoman and department heads to stay on after hours serving him, Jett Rink.

"This looks like you, Mr. Rink," they would say, fluffing out the misty folds of a cobweb garment.

Frequently they were summoned to bring their wares to one of his ranches and there these would be displayed for him, an Oriental potentate in red face. A mink coat. A sapphire. A vicuna topcoat for himself or a special hunting rifle with a new trick.

SOCIETY

By Gloria Ann Wicker

Mrs. Jordan Benedict and daughter Luz are Hermoso visitors and shoppers this week. While in the city they are staying at the Tejas Hotel. Miss Luz Benedict will spend a year or more at a select girls' school in Switzerland. There are other more interesting rumors which have not yet been confirmed.

Luz read this aloud to her mother as they sat at breakfast in their sitting-room at the Tejas. "What rumors, I wonder. And just how interesting. It sounds so tantalising. No girl ever had a duller summer."

"Reata's always good for a rumor," Leslie said, "when there's no news. Come on, dear. Let's get started or we'll never cover this list."

"Why can't we wait and get it all in New York next month?"

"I like the idea of shopping for ski pants in Texas when the temperature's one hundred."

Opper's opulent windows reflected the firm's disdain for such whims as temperature, time, or place. Hot or cold, autumn was just around the corner. Opper's window displays were aimed at those Texans who early armed themselves for a holiday in New York, in California, in Florida, Europe, Chicago, or even that Yankee town Dallas.

The lure of one window was too much even for shoppers like Leslie and Luz. Wordlessly they stopped to gaze at it. Luxurious though every article was, each had the chaste quality of utter perfection.

The window held a woman's complete evening toilette. Nothing more. A fabulous fur wrap. A satin-and-tulle gown. Diamond necklace. A bracelet of clumped jewels. Long, soft gloves flung carelessly on the floor like thick cream spilled carelessly on carpet. Cobwebs of lingerie. Wisps of chiffon hosiery. Fragile slippers. Jewel-encrusted handbag.

"M-m!" said Luz.

"Nice," Leslie said.

As they stood there a hand slid through the arm of each, separating the two women. "Like it?" said a man's voice. "I'll buy the whole window for you, Leslie."

Leslie stared into Jett Rink's face. Instinctively she jerked her arm to free it. His hand held it inescapably. He was scarcely taller than she; his eyes were level with hers, his face was close, the eyes intent, bloodshot. He was smiling. Now, still holding the arms of the two women, he turned his head slowly to stare at the girl.

"You're Luz. I'm Jett Rink, Luz."

"Yes. I've seen pictures of you. Look, do you mind? You're just a little too hearty; you're hurting me."

"Luz, what a thing to do to a pretty girl like you, name her after that old so-and-so."

The arms of both women jerked to be free. He held them.

He turned again to Leslie. "Am I hurting you, too, Leslie?"

She thought, clearly, On Sonoro Street in Hermoso in front of Opper's. Nothing must happen. Nothing to disgrace Jordan and the children. She spoke quietly as she always had spoken in the past to the violent boy, now a more violent man.

"I'm not going to wrestle with you on the street. Take your hand away."

He swung them around as if in a dance, one on each side. "Would you wrestle in the car?" At the kerb was an incredibly long bright-blue car. A man sat at the wheel, another stood at the rear door. "Come on, girls. Let's take a ride."

It was unbelievable; it was monstrous. For the first time she knew fear. He propelled them across the sidewalk.

"No!" Leslie cried. Faces of passers-by turned toward them, uncertainly.

Luz' free left hand was a fist. Now she actually twisted round to aim at his face, but he jerked his head back, and he laughed a great, roaring laugh and the passers-by, reassured, went on their way, grinning at the little playful scuffle.

"I'm not going to hurt you. Don't make such a fuss." He and the man standing at the car door half lifted, half pulled them into the deep, roomy, rear seat, Jett between them. The door slammed, the man whirled into the front seat with the driver, the car shot into traffic.

Her voice rather high, like a little girl's, Luz said, "What is this, anyway? Let's get out, Mama."

Leslie looked at the monolithic faces of the two men in the front seat. "If you hurt Luz," Leslie said, her voice low and even, "you know perfectly well no bodyguards can keep him from killing you." At the absurdity of this melodramatic statement she began to laugh somewhat hysterically.

"There you!" Jett turned triumphantly to Luz. "Your ma knows I was just fooling. I saw in the paper where you girls were in town and I been wanting to have a little talk with your ma. I been struck on your ma for years. Did you know that?"

"I think you're a goon," Luz shouted.

JETT'S voice took on an aggrieved tone.

"There you go. Comes to a Benedict, no matter what I do, it's wrong. I was just kidding around. I watched for you to come out of the Tejas. And then over to Opper's and standing there looking in the window like a couple of little stenographers or something. Say, you don't have to tell me," he went on, easily, conversationally. "I know Bick's pinched for money all the time; that big, fool place he thinks he runs. I'd buy you the whole Opper set-up, Leslie; the whole ten floors and everything in it, if you say the word."

"What are we going to do, Mama?" Luz said. Her voice now was as quiet as her mother's had been, but its undernote was tremulous.

"It's all right, dearest," Leslie said. "It's his idea of a joke."

"I ain't joking, Leslie. I got to talk to you. Like I said."

The man seated at the right, in front, picked up a sort of telephone receiver that was one of a battery of contrivances attached to the dashboard. He spoke into it with mechanical clarity and conciseness: "Passing corner of Vina and Caballero . . . three minutes Past corner Vina and Caballero . . . two and three-quarter minutes."

Their speed never slowed, a huge building like a warehouse loomed ahead; a ten-foot metal fence enclosed it. The car approached this at terrific pace; in that instant before what seemed an inevitable crash the gates swung sharply open, the car tore through without diminishing speed, the gates swung shut, the huge car stopped with a shriek of brakes.

The man in front got out. He stood at the car door.

Jett Rink was scribbling a note, holding the pad up close to his chest as he wrote. He tore it off; the man at the door took it.

"You call them yourself. And tell them it's got to be there within a half an hour or no dice . . . Now then, girlies, I want to talk to your ma, Luz. Do you want so sit here in the car while we go and sit on the bench there in the shade?? Or do you want to sit there and we'll stay in the car?"

Curiously, it was Luz who now took over. "We'll both get out or we'll both stay in. Or I'll begin to scream and, while it probably won't do any good in this place, I'll scream and scream and scream until——"

"Oh, all right." Wearily, as though agreeing to the whim of an unreasonable child. It's hot, no matter where you sit. You go on over there, other side of the entrance. Your ma and I'll sit on that bench here, have our little talk. Either you girls want a Coke or something cold to drink?"

Leslie looked up at the blank windows of the building. "What is this place?"

"It's nothing; only a warehouse where I keep stuff—valuable stuff. I got places like this all around. First, I was going to drive you out to the ranch; I got a place about an hour out. But a lot of folks out there all the time, visiting and all. I figured you wouldn't like that. I wouldn't want to do anything you wouldn't like—you and the kid."

She glanced at him, but his face was serious. "I thought you were drunk. But you're not, are you?"

"I ain't had a drop for two days. Minute I knew you was in town I quit; I knew I wanted a clear head and sometimes I get fuzzy when I take a couple. I'm stone-cold sober."

Slim, almost boyish, seated there beside her in his neat expensive clothes, a blue shirt, a polka-dotted tie.

"Such silly behaviour. You've scared Luz to death; she didn't know you when you were a greasy kid on Reata. What is it? You want me to help you make friends again with Bick, or something like that, I suppose."

"You suppose. You suppose I don't know you're smarter than that! You're the only really smart girl I ever knew." He had been smoking a cigarette. Now he tossed it away.

"Look, I been crazy about you all these years. You know that well and good." He was talking carefully and reasonably as one would present a business argument or a political credo. "I tried everything to get shut of it. I had all the kinds there is. I even been married three or four times. Did you know that?"

"I'd never thought about it at all."

"Why do you suppose I done that—did that?"

"Some men do. It's an unadult trait. It means they've never really grown up."

He dropped his tone of calm reasoning. The little twin dots of red flicked into the close-set, hooded eyes. He leaned toward her. "I got to get shut of it. It's making me sick. Look at this." He held out his hand. "Look at that? Shakes like that all the time."

"That's alcohol and shot nerves and fear," she told him.

"Leslie. Leslie. Come with me, Leslie."

Equably and quite conversationally as though exchanging chitchat with a friend: "I'm really quite an old lady now, you know. You just think you're still talking to that rather attractive girl who came, a bride, to Reata. . . . It's very hot here, Jett."

"Anything you want. Anything in the world. He wouldn't care. He don't care about anything, only Reata."

She stood up. "All right, Luz!" she called. "We're going now."

He grasped her arm. "I'll go after Bick and you and your two kids. I swear I will. I'll never let up on all of you."

"You've been seeing too many Western movies."

She moved toward the car. The man sat up at the wheel. The second man came down the steps and toward the car.

"I ain't going," Jett said. "Luz, you sit up front there with him. Leslie, you get in the back here. You, too, Dent. You call back here for me in ten minutes." He stood there a moment in the brilliant sun. "I'll do like I said," Jett called softly to Leslie, through the window.

"Where to?" asked the driver.

"Opper's," Leslie said airily. "We have a great deal of shopping to do."

"No. Please." Luz did not look round. "I'd like to go to the hotel first. For a minute. I forgot something."

"Tejas," Leslie said then.

The gates opened.

Down the street. In traffic against traffic, in and out in sickening suicidal zigzags. He has told them to kill us this way, Leslie thought. Then, reasonably: No, they'd be killed, too, so probably not. They stopped at the Tejas entrance. They were in the lobby; they were in the elevator; they were in their rooms.

"I'm going to call up papa."

"I wouldn't," Leslie said. "Not until we've talked a little, first."

Luz was crying, softly, her eyes wide open and the tears sliding, unwiped, down her face. "I was scared. I kept thinking I'd do something terrific and brave, but I was scared."

"So was I, dear."

Luz wiped her face now. She stood staring at her mother as at some new, arresting object. "I think it's the most romantic thing I ever heard of! And I think he's kind of cute."

"Don't say that," Leslie told her.

"But I do. I've heard a lot about him and I never believed it, but it's true. He's a kind of modern version of the old buccaneer type like Grampa and Great-grampa Benedict. They were tough, too, in a different way, of course, land swiping and probably a lot of hanky-panky with the Mexican girls. I must say Jett Rink's wind-up was an anti-climax, though."

"You're being silly, Luz. This man is a twisted——"

"The Snyth twins say he's the fashion now; he's so tough he's considered chic. I must say I'm impressed with you, Mama, being the secret passion of that hardboiled——" She had gone into her bedroom; her voice trailed off, then came up sharply. "What in the world is all this? Mom! Come here!"

Boxes. Boxes and boxes and boxes. Stacked on beds and chairs. The smart, distinctive blue-and-white-striped Opper-Schlenk boxes.

Miss Luz Benedict, the address slips read. Miss Luz Benedict. Miss Luz Benedict. Miss Luz Benedict.

She yanked at the cord. She opened a box. Another. Another. The fabulous fur wrap. The satin-and-tulle evening dress. The necklace. The slippers. . . . The window.

". . . Opper-Schlenk?" Leslie at the telephone. "I want to talk to Mrs. Bakefield. Mrs. Bakefield's office. . . . This is Mrs. Jordan Benedict. . . . Mrs. Bakefield? Yes, Mrs. Jordan Benedict. There has been a mistake. We just came in—the Tejas—and there are a million packages that don't belong to us. It is just some terrible mistake . . .

"Oh, Mrs. Bakefield! He must have seen some sort of mention in the newspaper. . . . No. . . . Oh, no! She doesn't even know him . . . I hear he is very—well—eccentric now and there . . . Just send for them . . . Yes . . . now."

A Benedict family meeting—a Benedict Big Business Powwow—was in progress. But this was not the regular annual Benedict family business assemblage. This was an unscheduled meeting called by the enraged members of the clan.

For the first time in a quarter of a century the Big Hall was cleared of all outside guests. Only the family occupied the bedrooms, clattered down the halls, ate at the long table in the dining-room.

Uncle Bawley, oldest member of the clan, was presiding, but no one paid the slightest attention to him. In appearance he was extraordinarily unchanged with the years except for the white shock of hair above the mahogany face.

These meetings were ordinarily conducted with parliamentary exactitude, everyone polite and gruesomely patient in spite of the emotions always seething beneath the ceremonial behaviour. But now the great chamber vibrated with heat and hate and contention. Uncle Bawley's gavel rapped in vain for order.

Bick Benedict stood facing them all, and shouted, "I won't have it. We're doing all right without oil. I won't have it stinking up my ranch."

"Your ranch!" yelled a dozen Benedicts. Then, various: "That's good! Did you hear that? You're managing the place and getting your cut for it. Your ranch!"

Leslie, sitting by, an outsider, thought, Oh, dear, this is bad for him. I wish they'd go home, or why don't they come here and try running it for a change, the Horrors?

One of the more arrogant of the Benedicts who dwelt on the East Coast now dropped all pretence of courtesy.

"Just come down off it, will you, Bick? You're big stuff, we know, among the local Texas boys. But we happen to have an interest in this concern. And we've got the right to say and vote whether we want or don't want a little matter of five or ten million a year—divided up amongst us. I don't know about the rest of you boys and girls, but me, I could use a lot extra pin-money like that."

Stubbornly facing the lot of them, his face white beneath the tan, and set in new, deep lines, Bick repeated stubbornly the line he had used over and over again as though it represented a truth that made argument useless. "Reata is a cattle ranch. It's been a cattle ranch for a hundred years."

"That's just fine," drawled the unsentimental Benedict. "At there used to be thirteen States in the Union and the covered waggon was considered big stuff."

The laugh that went up encouraged Maudie Placer to tell a deft shaft. "And please don't quote that story about old Pappy Waggoner when he was drilling for water and the oil brought in all that oil on his North Texas place. Quote 'Cattle can't drink that stuff.' Unquote."

Now Leslie saw with a sinking heart that the grey-white in Bick's face was changing to scarlet. "Do you people know who wants the lease? Do you know who wants the rights?"

"Yes, we do. It's the Apache Oil Company and a mighty pretty little outfit it is, too."

"You've been away from Texas so long you've forgotten your Spanish. D'you know what Arabache means?"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382112

Spanish for jet, if you want to know. It's Jet for Jett Rink. Jett—Azabache. He controls most of it. Well, I won't have Jett Rink owning any piece of my country here on Reata——"

"Hold on there!" Just — a — minute. You've got a pick on Jett Rink, you've had it for years. Some little personal feud. Who cares?"

"I tell you you'll all care if he gets a toe in here."

"All right, all right. He's a man umbry. Everybody knows that. We don't want to love him. We just want a nice, thick slice of that billion he's got stashed away."

"He's got nothing but a lot of paper. He's in over his head. Everybody knows that Gabe Target could sell him down the river to-morrow if he wanted to."

Now Uncle Bawley forsook Rules of Order. "That's right, Jurden!" he bellowed—he who never had called his nephew anything but Bick. "Don't let 'em ride you!"

"The law!" shouted a Benedict.

"How about pa's will?" Bick countered. "And grampa's? You going to fight those, too?"

"You bet we are. We're going to fight them for years if we have to. We don't care what the will says. There wasn't any oil on Reata or anywhere near it when pa's will was made."

Uncle Bawley threw his gavel across the room and brought his massive fist down on the table with a crash and a succession of crashes that silenced even the shouting Benedicts.

"Stop this bellering, I say, or I'll arrest the lot of you, and I can do it. I'm a State Ranger and I'm supposed to keep law and order I'm agoing to . . . Sit down! . . . Now then. I'm sorry, Jurden, but we got to put this to a vote. And what the vote says, goes. That's the rule of this family and always has been. . . . Roady, pass those slips . . . Bowie, you'll collect. . . . Now vote!"

The vote stood two to twenty-five. That night Uncle Bawley took off for Holgado and the high, clear, mountain air. Within three days there was not one Benedict left in the cavernous walls of the Big House.

Leslie Benedict found herself in the fantastic position of a wife who tries to convince her husband that a few million dollars cannot injure him.

"You'll go on with your own work just the same. Better. It won't affect the actual ranch. You'll be free of their complaints now."

"Rink." Bitterness twisted his mouth as he spoke the name. "Jett Rink owning rights to Reata."

"He doesn't. He just holds a grab on a tiny bit of it. Besides, you've told me yourself the Azabache Company isn't only Jett Rink. It's a lot of other people. Some of them are people you know well."

"He controls it."

"You'll never need to deal with him. Think of the things you can do now!" She paused a moment. "I don't mean only the things you're interested in. They're wonderful, but I mean . . . couldn't we use some of it maybe for things like—necessary things, I mean, like new houses for the ranch people and perhaps the start of a decent hospital and even a school where they're not separated—a school that isn't just Mexican or just——? Oh, Jordan, how exciting that would be!"

He was not listening; he did not even consciously hear her. Nobody's ever set foot on Benedict land except to produce better stock and more of it. You're not a Texan. You're not a Benedict. You don't understand."

"I'm not a Texan and I'm not a Benedict except by marriage. I do understand, because I love you," she told him. "I'm trying to tell you that if there's got to be all that crazy money, then use some of it for the good of the world. And I don't mean only your world—Reata."

"Uh-huh. You won't be so smug when you see Benedict swarming with a pack of greasy tool-dressers and drillers and swampers and truckers. Pinky Snyth was talking about it last night. Vashti's leased a piece of the Double Bee to Azabache."

"Well, there you are! You needn't feel so upset."

"The whole country's going to stink of oil. Do you know what else Pinky said? He and Vashti are talking of building in town—Viento or even Hermoso — moving to town and only coming out to the ranch week-ends and holidays."

"Vashti might like that. I'm sure the twins would."

"Yes. Maybe you would, too. H'm? Nice slick house in town? Azalea garden, nice little backyard, people in for cocktails and patroness of the Hermoso Symphony and the Little Theatre in the Round—Square—Zigzag—or whatever the fashion is."

"Jordan, don't be like that!" She hesitated a moment. She took a deep breath. Now for it. "You know, we don't exactly have to have millions of acres in order to live—you and the children and I. It's killing you—I mean it's too much. Why can't we have a ranch of our own, smallish, where you could breed your own wonderful—"

The blue eyes were agate. "I've lived on Reata all my life. I'm going to live here till I die. Nothing on it is going to change."

"Everything in the world changes every minute."

"Reata's just going to improve. Not change."

. . . . . .

So now the reek of oil hung heavy in the Texas air. It penetrated the houses, the gardens, the motor-cars, the trains passing through towns and cities. Only when you were soaring in an aeroplane fifteen thousand feet above the oil-soaked earth were your nostrils free of it.

Azabache oil money poured into Reata. Reata produced two commodities for which the whole world was screaming. Beef. Oil. Beef. Oil. Only steel was lacking. Too bad we haven't got steel, Texas said. But then, after that Sunday morning in December, even the voice of the most voracious was somewhat quieted.

With terrible suddenness young male faces vanished from the streets of Benedict. White faces, black faces, brown faces.

Bob Dietz was off. The kids in the Red Front Market. The Beezer boys. High. Low. Rich. Poor. The Mexican boys around Pepe's in Nopal and the slim, sleek boys at the Hake in Viento, and even the shifting population that moved with the crops and the season—all, all became units in a new world of canvas.

Texas was used to khaki-colored clothes, but these garments were not the tan canvas and the high-heeled boots and the brush jackets of the range and plains. This was khaki with a difference.

Young Jordy Benedict at Harvard was summoned home.

"You're needed here on Reata," Bick said tersely. "Beef to feed the world. That's the important thing."

"I can't stay here now."

"Yes, you will. Any one of ten million kids can sit at a desk in Washington. Or shoot a German. Producing beef here on Reata is the constructive patriotic thing for you to do. You're just being hysterical."

"I'll go back to school. Or I'll be drafted. I won't stay here."

"No draft board will take you. I can fix that all right anywhere. And I won't send you a cent if you go back to Harvard."

The two men were talking in Bick's office, the boy quiet, pale, the older man glaring, red-faced. Casually, Leslie strolled in and sat down.

Brusquely Bick said, "We're talking."

"I'm listening. I've been listening outside the door, so I may as well come in."

As if this were a cue, Jordy relaxed in his chair; his eyes, as he looked at his father now, were steady. "When I'm through at Harvard I'm going to Columbia P and S."

"P. and S.?" Bick repeated dully.

"Physicians and Surgeons' School. We need doctors as much as beef. That's why I'm going on instead of in. I haven't used any of the money you've sent me all this time. And thanks, Papa. Your money is all in the bank there in Boston, waiting for you. I couldn't use it because you didn't know about me."

Bick Benedict turned with a curiously slow movement of his head to look at his wife. "Then you must have been sending him your money."

"Jordan, dear, don't go on like a father in a melodrama. I haven't any money. You know that. It's Uncle Bawley. And I asked him. So don't blame him for it."

Slowly he said, "That old turtle." Then, "The three of you, huh?"

Jordy stood up. "Papa, you know I never was any good around here. I never will be. Any man on Reata can do the job better than I could."

"That's right," Jordan said. "You never were any good. You never will be. You're all alike, you kids to-day, white and Mexican, you or Angel Obregon. No good."

"Angel's fine," Leslie said, matter-of-factly. "I saw him in Benedict; he looked wonderful in his uniform. Jordy, Angel's going to be married Tuesday. Did you know that?"

"Yes. I'm staying for the wedding."

"Oh, you're staying for the wedding?" Bick repeated, cruelly mimicking his son just a little, even to the stammer. "Well, that's big of you! That's a concession to Reata, all right." He turned the cold, contemptuous eyes on Leslie. "You've been years at this. Twenty years. Satisfied?"

Her tone, her manner were as matter-of-fact and good-natured as his aspect was tragic. "Watch that arithmetic. Jordy will be twenty-one pretty soon. A man."

Bick had been standing. Now he sat again rather heavily at his desk. He did not look at them. "That's right. We were going to have a party. Big party."

"Not in wartime, Jordan."

He looked at his son. "I hadn't forgotten; it just slipped my mind. You'll be coming into your Reata shares. You don't mind living off Reata even if you don't want to live on it, huh?"

Quietly Jordy said, "They'll see me through. I've thought about that. I've got as much right to them as Roady's kids, or Bowie's, or Aunt Maudie's."

Bick Benedict picked up a sheaf of papers on his desk, shuffled them, put them down. "Doctor, h'm? New York, I suppose."

"Now, Jordan!" Leslie protested. "You know Jordy loves Texas as much as you do. In another way, perhaps."

"You counting on putting old Doctor Tom out of business, maybe."

STILL speaking quietly, Jordy said, "I think I'm going to have a chance to work with Guerra in Vienticito when the war's over. If he's lucky enough to come back in one piece."

"Guerra! You don't mean—why, he's——"

"Ruben Guerra. His practice is all Mexican, of course. Uh—look. There's something else I'd like to talk to you and mama about. I'm afraid you won't like this, either."

"I've had about enough for just now," Bick said, and turned back to his desk and the aimless shuffling of papers. "Tell your life plans to your buddies, why don't you? Doctor Guerra—"

"He's busy in Europe just now."

"Well, Angel Obregon. Or Polo." He was racked with bitterness and disappointment.

"All right, Papa, I will."

. . . . . .

Young Angel Obregon did indeed look fine in his uniform. Months of camp training had filled him out; he was broader in the shoulder, bigger across the chest. He always had had, like his forebears, the slim flanks and the small waist of the horseman.

"One of those Pacific places," he said. "I bet. That's where they're shipping all us Mex—all us Latin Americans; they say we're used to the hot climate. They're nuts. Vince Castenado came home with malaria; he says it's all jungle out there."

Half of Benedict and practically all of Nopal were invited to the wedding. Angel was marrying Marita Rivas, one of the daughters of Dimodeo. Of course, young Angel had furnished the trousseau, according to custom. The importance of Marita's marriage would be gauged by the display of her gowns and her bridal dress, at the boda—the wedding feast.

"We'll have to go," Bick said, heavily, grumpily. "Angel's son. It wouldn't look right if we didn't."

"Why, Jordan, I wouldn't miss it! Angel! He was the first Reata baby I saw."

Everyone was there, from the Benedicts of Reata to Fidel Gomez, the coyote from Nopal. Fidel was a personage now; he no longer needed to bother about exploiting his own people. Fidel Gomez, too, had been touched by the magic wand of the good fairy, oil. His run-down patch of mesquite land outside Nopal now hummed and thumped with the activities of the men and machinery that brought the rich black liquid out of the sandy soil.

There was the bridal ceremony, full of pomp and ritual, and the bride in white satin with pearl beads and wax orange blossom. The dress was later to be hung properly in the best room for all to see, and never to be worn again.

A high platform had been built outside Dimodeo's house. After the church ceremony the bride appeared on this in each of the seven dresses of her bridal trousseau, so that all should see what a fine and open-handed husband her Angel Obregon was.

The girls eyed her with envy and the men looked at her and at the proud Angel and thought, Well, a lot of good those dresses and that pretty little chavala will do you when you are sweating in the islands of the South Pacific. What a tonteria! But Marita walked proudly along the platform.

Leslie had seen all this before at many ranch weddings, but she was as gay and exhilarated as though she never before had known the ceremony of the boda.

"This is the kind of thing I love about Texas. Everyone here and everyone happy and everyone neighbors. It's perfect." She squeezed Bick's arm, she smiled, she met a hundred outstretched hands.

Young Angel had had a few drinks of tequila. "Fix 'em over there quick, and I come home to Marita and a little Angel—only we don't call him Angel; that is a no-good name for a man."

The tables were spread out-of-doors, long planks on wooden standards, and there was vast eating and drinking and laughing and talking and the singing of corridos specially written for the occasion.

Luz, away at school, would have loved it, Leslie reflected. She would write her all about it. Just look at Jordy. He seemed to be having a wonderful time, not shy and withheld as he so often was. She called Bick's attention to Jordy.

"Look at Jordy! He's having a high time. I was afraid he'd feel—uh—that he would be upset, seeing Angel in uniform. Going, I mean, so soon. But look at him!"

"M'm." Bick stared down the long table at his son seated next to a pretty young Mexican girl and looking into her eyes. "He's being a shade too gallant, isn't he, to that little What's-her-name—Polo's granddaughter, isn't it?"

"Don't be feudal. She's a decent, nice, little girl and her name is Juana. Jordy's being polite and she loves it."

A fine feast. Barbecued beef and beans. The great wedding caque was the favorite feast cake called color de rosa. It was made of a dough tinted with pink vegetable coloring, or colored with red crepe paper soaked in water, the water mixed with the cake dough, very tasty.

There was pan de polvo, little round cakes with a hole in the middle, shaped with the hand, delectably sugary and grainy. There was bunuelo, rolled paper thin and big as the big frying pan in which they had hissed in deep fat. Delicious with strong, hot coffee. There was beer, there was tequila, there was mescal. A real boda, and no mistake.

So Angel and Marita looked deeply into each other's eyes and danced, and behaved like proper young Mexicans newly married. Everyone drank to Angel's return, unharmed, to Benedict. No one knew that Angel would return from the South Pacific, sure enough, landing in California after the close of the great World War, and coming straight back to Benedict.

But he came home in a flag-draped coffin. He came home a hero; his picture was in the papers; he had proved himself a tough hombre, sure enough, there in those faraway sweating islands. So tough that they had given him the highest honor a tough hombre can have—the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Private First Class Angel Obregon . . . conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity, above and beyond the call of duty . . . heroic conduct . . . saved the lives of many comrades . . . overwhelming odds . . .

It made fine reading. And the widowed Marita and the old Angel Obregon and his wife and his ancient grandmother all knew that there must be a funeral befitting his conduct. But the undertaker in Benedict—funeral director he now was called—said that naturally he could not handle the funeral of a Mexican.

Someone—there were people who said it might have been Leslie Bendict—thought this was not quite right. Talk got around; it reached a very busy man who was President of the United States of America way up north in Washington, D.C. So he had the flag-draped box, weary now of its travels, brought to Washington and buried in the cemetery reserved for great heroes, at Arlington.

Marita wished that it could have been nearer Benedict, so that she might visit her husband's grave. But she was content, really. And she had named the infant Angel, after all, in spite of the other Angel's objections that day of the wedding.

None of this the guests could know now as they laughed and danced and ate and sang, and the small children screeched and ran and darted under the tables and gobbled bits of cake.

The music of the guitarras grew louder, more resonant.

"Come along home now, honey," Bick said. "I've had enough of this, and so have you."

He rose from the crowded table, and Leslie with him. Angel, the bridegroom, and Marita, the bride, seeing their guests of honor about to leave, started toward them in smiling farewell.

It was then that Jordy Benedict stood up, too, and, to the amazement of the wedding guests, he put his arm about the girl Juana's shoulder. He

Two versions of the Bible:

Through a glass, darkly

THE following Biblical passage, 1 Corinthians 13; 11-13, shows a change in the new Revised Standard Version which will interest readers familiar with the King James Bible. The often-quoted phrase "through a glass, darkly," becomes "in a mirror dimly."

King James Version	*Revised Standard Version*
11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.	(11) When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became a man, I gave up childish ways.
12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.	(12) For now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall understand fully, even as I have been fully understood.
13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.	(13) So faith, hope, love abide, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

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GIANT: BY EDNA FERBER

was very pale and his dark eyes seemed enormous. He spoke formally in Spanish.

"Ladies and gentlemen! My father and my mother! Friends! I have not spoken until now because I did not want to intrude on the festivities of this wedding of my friend Angel Obregon and Marita Rivas. But now I can tell you that yesterday morning Juana and I were married in the rectory of the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Nopal. We are husband and wife."

He spoke without his usual stammer. No one noticed this. Though perhaps somewhere in his mother's stunned mind it registered.

. . . . . .

Sprawled comfortably on a verandah chair Bick was deep in talk with Judge Whiteside and Gabe Target and Pinky Snyth and Uncle Bawley. Cattle, oil, politics were the primary subjects of discussion as always in a group of Texas males. Wars and the end of wars; nations and the fall of nations; human lives and the shattering of human lives; all these were secondary.

"My family and I live just the way we've always lived here at Reata. All that black grease in the far lot," Bick said contemptuously, "hasn't made a mite of difference."

"That's right," Pinky Snyth agreed. A gleam of malice danced in the seemingly guileless blue eyes. "Just like in the old-timey days, that's you, Bick. Nature is all. God sure was good to you Benedicts to hand you a seventy-five-foot reinforced-concrete swimming pool set down in the brush right in your own front yard."

Bick good-humoredly joined in the laughter. "Well, now, it's a health measure. Leslie's in and out like a seal. And the young folks. We'd have had that pool in time, oil or no oil."

Gabe Target was a realist. "Huh! Would you? That twenny - seven - and - half - per-cent. exemption on oil fetched all the little knick-knacks around your country here like swimming-pools and aeroplanes and a fleet of cars and whole herds of fifty-thousand-dollar critters. And that goes for the rest of the State, too."

"Depreciation," Pinky Snyth mused. "It's wonderful."

Judge Whiteside spoke pontifically. "One of the finest laws ever passed in Washington, that oil-well depreciation."

There was the sound of light laughter from the shadow of the vines at the rear of the verandah. The heads of the five men turned sharply.

"That you, Leslie?" Bick called.

Her voice, a lovely sound, came to them, though they could not see her. "I get starved for male conversation. I'm in the harem section pretending not to be here."

"Why'n't you move down here where we can look at your pretty face, not only hear you?" suggested the ancient charmer, Uncle Bawley.

She came out of the vine shadows then and stood a moment, waving them back to their chairs. "No. I'm not staying. Relax. I was just wondering about depreciation in first-class brains. My father, for example. He's way over seventy now; he's given his life to saving other men's lives. He's a weary old gentleman, and not well. What about depreciation exemption there?"

Gabe Target, bland and benevolent, undertook to clear this feminine unreason. "Oil is a commodity, and valuable. How you going to measure the value of a man's brains?"

"By his record." Her voice was crisp now. "When a country considers oil more important than the spirit of man, it's a lost country."

"Now, Leslie!" Bick's tone was fond, but a trifle irritated, too. "Get down off that stump. Some day a short-tempered Texan is going to take a shot at you."

"All right! I'm off!" Her voice was gay, but her eyes were serious.

"Where you going, hot of the day like this?" Pinky asked.

"Stay here," Uncle Bawley pleaded. "It rests my eyes just to look at you."

"Gentlemen, I'll tell you this privately," Bick announced. "Old Bawley's always been in love with my wife."

"Who hasn't?"—the heavily gallant Judge Whiteside.

Straight and slim as she had been years ago; a misting of white in the abundant black of her hair. "I wish I didn't have to go, but I promised. Luz and I are driving Juana and little Jordan over to Bob Dietz' new place. Bob's got a new lamb to show Jordan; he's never seen a lamb."

"All these Jordans around here!" Gabe Target said. "I should think you'd get mixed up."

"His name isn't really Jordan, you know. Jordy and Juana named him Polo, after her grandfather. But Jordan began to call him Jordan——" Laughing, she gave it up.

"Dietz' place," Bick said, and shuffled his feet a little. "That's a far piece for the kid to go, day like this."

"He's tough."

Bick's frown cleared and he wagged his head. "He sure is. I sat him up front of me on my horse yesterday, just to see what he'd do, and when I took him down he began to bellow to be put back up again. Kicked me."

"Well, real Mexican——" Pinky began. Then he stopped abruptly.

Brightly, but looking them over with a clear, cool gaze, Leslie said her polite farewells.

"I'll be back by six. You know the way Luz drives. Won't you all stay for supper? And tell me what you've talked about while I'm away. If you dare. Just what are you five evil men up to now, I wonder. And don't you know you'll have to pay for it in the end?"

She vanished into the house. The five men looked at one another.

"Leslie's always been real sharp talking," Judge Whiteside said, and his tone was not altogether admiring.

Uneasily, Bick dismissed the criticism. "Leslie doesn't mean it. When she gets going I just come back at her with some mild questions about the South and Tammany in New York and a few things like that."

The men sat quietly a moment. Reata Ranch sounds came to them on the hot Gulf wind — humming metallic sounds now, different from the sounds of a quarter-century ago.

"Don't hardly ever hear a horse nowadays," Gabe Target observed.

"Do when I'm moving around," Bick said.

Pinky eyed him keenly. "Thought you didn't gallop around as much as you used to."

"Leslie's always after me to take it easy, but I pay it no mind."

"Everything and everybody taking it easy now," Gabe Target mused. "Reach in the freezer for food. Lunch counter right in your own kitchen like a cafe—pie, coffee, sandwiches. Bump gates; touch 'em with the nose of your car, out they open and, bingo, they close. Bulldozers. Stingers. Jeeps. Planes in the back lot like old cars."

"My twins," Pinky said, "they went zooming down to Houston yesterday, and back—slacks and their hair in curlers—said they had to get them some lobsters; they had the girls coming for a card party; they'd set their hearts on these lobsters Luggen's store just flew in special from up in Maine. They thought nothing of the trip; couple hundred miles each way; like running to the corner grocery."

Uncle Bawley often sat with his eyes shut, listening. His fingers tapped a tuneless rhythm on the chair arm. Now he opened his crepy lids and surveyed the younger men.

"Oil! What do folks use it for! In the war they were flying around shooting up towns of women and children. Now it's lobsters from Maine. Got to have lobsters. And streaking in automobiles a hundred miles an hour, going nowheres, killing people like chickens by the roadside. Pushing ships across the ocean in four, five days. There hasn't been a really good boatload of folks since the Mayflower crowd."

"You don't get around enough, Bawley," Gabe Target argued. "Look what it's done for the State! Look what it's done for Houston and Dallas and Hermoso and Corpus and a hundred more. Look at the people there!"

"Yep. Look at 'em. The girls all got three mink coats and no place to wear 'em. And emeralds the size of avocados. The men folks, they got cars like locomotives and planes the size of ocean liners, and their offices done up in teakwood and cork and Plexiglas. And what happens! The women get bored and go to raising pretty flowers for prize shows like their grandmaws did and the men go back to raising cattle just like their grampappies did a long time ago.

"Next thing you know mustard greens and corn bread'll be fashionable amongst 'em, instead of bragging about how they eat at that Pavilion Cafe and the Twenty-One Club when they go to New York. My opinion, they're tired of everything, and everybody's kind of tired of them. They made the full circle."

"Well, anyway, Uncle Bawley," Pinky Snyth protested, grinning, "you can't object to the breed of beef cattle that oil money has raised up here on Reata."

"Can," declared Uncle Bawley. "And do. I was thinking yesterday in that big tent Bick set up there, selling off bulls and steers. All by that big black bull Othello; scares you

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to see him. Priced fifty thousand dollars, he is."

"Sixty," Bick said. And he thought, Oh, shut up, will you, Uncle Bawley? I'm tired and edgy.

"Fifty—sixty! When you get up into those figgers for a hecow, what's the difference? Like Jett Rink's holdings. Has he got a thousand million or only a hundred million? What's the diff? It ain't money any more; it's zeros. There they stood, those critters in the auction tent, solid square, low-slung like a truck, legs just stumps. I've et steaks off of those behemoths. They've had the flavor bred right out of them."

"Tell you what, Uncle Bawley," Pinky suggested. "Maybe one of the boys'll go out rustle up an old Longhorn that's been hiding somewhere in the brush these past fifty years. Leslie'll have you a good old-time leather steak cut off that."

The calm, low tones of Gabe Target's voice undercut the talk and laughter.

"Now, boys, this is very pleasant, sitting here gabbing in the hot of the day. But I'm due back home to-night, and this isn't what I came down for. You want to state your situation, Bick? Not that we don't know it. But, just between us, off the record, cut down to bare bones."

Bick Benedict hunched forward, his hands clasped in front of him between his knees, his arms resting on his thighs.

"Here it is, straight. We didn't realise, when we let out the oil leases, how many oil workers were going to swarm in on Reata. There's a mob of them. I've got nothing against them, big husky fellows, work hard and spend their money. They know they have to keep away from me and I keep away from them. Well. At first it was work and sleep and eat and live in those shacks just anyhow for them. But now the whole outfit has sort of shaken down, they've brought in their wives and kids and so on.

"At first they stuffed their houses with refrigerators and radios and gadgets. But now they've got together in a bunch called The Better Living Association."

"How many of them?" Gabe Target did not waste energy on emotions.

"Oh, good many hundreds by now. Swarming all over the town and county."

"Dissident votes," Pinky Snyth announced, like a checker of lists. "Right in this precinct."

"They're yelling all over the district they want what they call decent schools for their kids and a hospital for the sick and injured and so on, and homes for their families. And the oil property—about a hundred and fifty thousand acres of it—is in my precinct here, in the town of Benedict. If they vote—and they will—and carry it—and they will the way it stands now—they don't want my—the old commissioner. They wanted him voted out and a new commissioner in.

"There'll be a new tax rate on every acre of land hereabouts. That tax on a couple of million acres can just about cripple Reata. They win, and it'll spread to your Double B, Pinky. And you know it."

He unclasped his hands, threw them open, palms up. The lines on his forehead were deep, the eyes strained and bloodshot.

Judge Whiteside cleared his throat. "You talked to the Azabache crowd about this, Bick?" he asked his host.

"What do they care? It won't affect them. They said Jett Rink heard of it, he knocked his crazy fat head off."

Silence. The hot wind rustling the vine leaves. The drum of a powerful motor somewhere far off on the prairie. One of the nearby workboys calling in Mexican-Spanish to another busy at the pool. The five men sat eyeing one another. Waiting.

Smoothly, benevolently, Gabe Target broke the silence. "Well, now, Bick, we don't want anything that isn't perfectly legal and aboveboard, of course."

"Course," the four echoed, and their eyes never left his face.

Silence again, brief, breathless. "I suggest—and, of course, I'd want the sound legal opinion of our good friend the Judge here—I suggest a very simple, feasible plan, Bick. Now first I'd like to ask you a couple questions. Plainly speaking, the county commissioner's your man. That right?"

"Right."

"The Mexicans on your place—vaqueros and so on—they vote right?"

"They vote—right."

"I heard some of the younger Mexican fellas since the war's over they've come home and haven't settled down right; they've been rabble-rousing, shooting their mouths off, getting together saying they're American citizens without rights and that kind of stuff. I hear they're getting up organisations, the boys who fought in the war, and so on."

"Well?"

"Can you handle them?"

"I can handle them. Always have. They'll quiet down."

"The full vote is needed to carry your candidate. Am I correct? Without it, he's out?"

"Out."

Gabe Target's eyes were flat discs of steel sunk in the caverns below his fatherly brow. "Well, my boy, you don't want a crowded, big, noisy city sprung up around this beautiful Reata——"

"As fair a piece of nature's bounty," Judge Whiteside intoned, by now somewhat piqued at finding himself shorn of his accustomed curls of peroration, "as there is anywhere in this Great Commonwealth, and may say anywhere—North America, South America, the uncharted wastes of Asia——"

"If you think Asia's uncharted, Judge, after this last war," Pinky Snyth interrupted somewhat pertly, "you better get set for a shock to your nervous system."

"Boys! Boys!" Gabe Target's kindly, chiding tones were like those of a gentle schoolmaster

Bick held his temper by an effort. "Let's just hear Gabe out, will you? This is pretty important."

Gabe was talking in that quiet, reasonable voice so that everything he said sounded plausible and right and somewhat beneficent.

"Now, then. These boys in the big oil outfits—and I don't doubt they're good, fine boys, though maybe mistaken some ways—they ought to have their own town. They've earned it. And keep Benedict the way it is, population and layout and nice little town government and all. And taxes. Just have the precinct lines rearranged and the town line set to where it was before oil. There's a big enough population sprung up there outside to make a fine little town of their own—the old crowd and their wives and all.

"Get 'em incorporated, all fair and aboveboard, before they know where they're at. They could call the town—for example—if they were so minded—Azabache. Or Town of Jett Rink. And leave him build the schools they're bawling for, and the hospitals and the city hall and the gymnasiums, and pave the street and put in the water. And let Jett Rink pay the taxes."

Silence. Gabe Target's eyelids came down over the flinty eyes, giving him that aspect of benevolence again.

Finally Bick spoke. "You really think it can be done?"

Judge Whiteside cleared his throat. His voice had the finality of one who is the Law. "It's as good as done this minute. You can forget it."

"Little drink would go good," Pinky suggested.

Bick reached for the little bell on the table at his side. Almost before its tinkle had died away on the hot, restless air the two Mexican girls appeared, one with the tray of bourbon and ice and water, the other with the coffee.

Solemnly the men drank. The talk was more desultory now, their voices, as always, low, pleasant.

Gabe looked at Bick Benedict. He thought the man's russet coloring was now like a lacquer over a foundation of grey. "Bick, how's Jurdy working out as a doctor?"

Bick hesitated a moment before answering. When he spoke it was with a wry lightness. "Oh, you know young folks today. Jordy takes after Leslie's side of the family, more. Her father."

Blunderingly, Judge Whiteside must satisfy his own curiosity, now that Gabe Target had inserted the entering wedge in a topic that the Benedicts' social circle considered closed to discussion. "I suppose this Guerra's office he's in—I suppose Jordy's starting off using the Mexicans like a clinic, more. For experience—observation—so forth."

Bick did not reply.

"I can't get the right of it," the Judge persisted. "Only son and all. Where's his feeling about Reata? To say nothing of his pa and ma!"

THE little, crooked smile on Bick's lips did not deceive the four keen-eyed men. "Oh, well, Judge, you can't tie a kid to a horse. His talents lie another way, that's all. I'll make out. I'm not quite through—yet."

Gabe Target's cool, measured tones cut through this persiflage. "Bick, you ought to get you a good, smart, solid, young fella, now the war's over, knows stock and range and feed and all. Modern"—hastily—"like yourself. Train him into manager to do the routine, hard, over-all work. College type but with his feet on the ground. And I mean Texas ground."

Pinky Snyth spoke up: "That's Bob Dietz. Say, I tried my best to steal him off you, Bick, years ago to work the Double B. He wasn't hardly more than a kid then. Wouldn't come."

Bick's gaze went out and out, past the verandah and screening, on and on to the distant line where the dome of the sky met the golden tan curve of the earth.

"I offered him the job. He wasn't interested. He as much as said I was old-fashioned. Said this was the time for pioneering in advanced range-management techniques. Said he was interested in ranching as a way of life for the many, and not to make big money. He said people who wanted big money ought to try the stock market or the oil industry or most anything but agriculture and stock."

A stunned silence followed this recital of heresy.

Judge Whiteside cleared his throat. "I don't aim to appear nosy, but I heard around that this Dietz and your Luz were running together a good deal. Dietz isn't invited to parties and places, but a lot in her plane and his car, and hamburger joints talking, and so on."

Bick shrugged in an effort at carelessness, but his brow was thunderous.

"Oh, kid stuff! Dietz is smart enough, but he's one of those know-it-all kids. Luz is a real rancher; she'll talk to anybody who'll teach her something new. The Dietz kid—or anybody."

"He's no kid," Uncle Bawley announced, suddenly awake, wide-eyed. "He's getting along."

The guffaw that this brought forth lightened the heavy resentment of Bick's tone.

"Well, anyway, this ancient Bob Dietz, he says the big ranch is doomed. The feudal system, he calls it. That's you and me, Pinky. Says that with artificial insemination and modern long-term reseeding, pretty soon you won't need to feed your stock a pound of hay or cake. You'd think to hear him talk he was the one first discovered Lehman's lovegrass and yellow bluestem and sideoats grama and blue grama and all. He's got a piece about twenty sections now, down near the Valley; he calls it a trial range unit; he says he——"

"How about water?" scoffed Judge Whiteside. "He got water fixed to eat out of his hand, too?"

"Oh, sure. He says no reason why water can't be harnessed and led across the continent. In the future. Says the Tennessee Valley showed us a little something. Says they'll find a way to take the salt out of salt water and hitch the whole Gulf of Mexico to Texas. That's in the future, too. He says."

"If they ever get water into Texas," Gabe Target said, "there's no knowing what'll happen."

"I'll tell you what," Uncle Bawley announced in his gentle, musing voice. "The youngsters will cut Reata up into pie slices and raise up a steer to the acre."

. . . .

Even after all these years Leslie Benedict always felt a distinct shock as she came out of the dim, cool rooms of the Main House to meet the full blast of the Texas sun. The Big House hummed with air conditioners, but here at the Main House the family relied on the massive, old walls for protection.

Leslie often had suggested a cooling unit for Bick's bedroom, but he even refused to have one in his office.

"Let the barbecue shacks have them," he said, "and the Houston and Hermoso zillionaires. I was brought up on Texas heat. Sun and sweat have made Texas."

Luz said, pertly, that he was beginning to sound like Uncle Bawley.

Now, Luz and Leslie in the front seat, Juana and little Jordan in the back, the four were off for Bob Dietz' ranch in the Valley.

Leslie cast an anxious eye toward the child. "It'll be cooler as soon as we begin to move. Juana, you don't think it's going to be too much for Polo, do you?"

Juana glanced down at the child beside her. "He loves it. He was so excited this morning he wouldn't eat his breakfast." Juana's English was spoken with precision. Her oice was soft and low and leisurely, unlike the strident tone of many Mexican-American women.

Old Polo stemmed from Spanish blood and his granddaughter's skin had a creamy pallor, the dark eyes were soft, and the black hair was fine and abundant. About her throat she always wore a strand of pearls that Leslie had given her — Benedict family pearls—and the

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luminous quality of these seemed reflected in her skin.

But the child Polo had the cafe-au-lait coloring of his Mexican grandmother and great-grandmother; and their Mexican hair and eyes.

Now the car rounded the curve in the long driveway and passed the Big House. Three or four people were descending the broad stone steps and there were cars waiting in the drive. Almost automatically, Leslie bowed and waved and smiled, though she knew only vaguely who the guests were this week or this particular day.

"It seems to me," Luz remarked, "that our visiting strangers get stranger and stranger. Who's that lot?"

"I don't know, really. Not very important. Two of the boys have been delegated to take them around. But next week!"

"I hear it's a king and queen. Doesn't it sound silly?"

"Yes. Poor darlings. And a swarm of other people. It's a weird list. Somebody must have slipped up on it—Jordan's secretary or somebody. They can't all be interested in cattle."

"Who?"

"You won't believe it, even for Reata. Uh, let's see. There's a prizefighter and a Russian dancer and a South American ambassador. And a movie queen who's bought a ranch in California and wants to stock it. And her husband. I don't remember who else. And I'm afraid your Aunt Maudie and your Aunt Leigh are descending."

"I may suddenly be called away."

"Now, Luz! Anyway, they're all invited to that big thing at Jett Rink's new airport."

"Oh, that! I may hop over for a look at it, but I wouldn't be found dead at the idiotic, howling dinner."

"Your father would like you just to show up, and Jordy, too, and all of us."

"That's ridiculous! What for?"

"Because everybody is going to be there, and if we stay away it will look queer. Anyway, there's a political reason of some kind. He doesn't like it any better than you do. But Roady asked specially that we all go—you and Jordy and Maudie——"

"Me!" asked the child from the back seat.

Leslie turned; she held out her hand to the child and smiled at him. "No, you don't have to be political, my darling. Not yet."

The child looked at her solemnly, the great, dark eyes almost mournful. "I'm hungry."

"There!" Juana said. "Because you didn't eat your breakfast."

"I want my breakfast now."

"Listen, Snooks," Luz called to the child, "wait till we get out of Benedict and past Nopal."

"But I'm hungry."

"In a little minute, mi vida," Juana said to the child. "Near the Valley, where it is quiet. You will have milk and we will drink coffee. And we will have lunch at Bob Dietz' house."

"And I will see a baby lamb!"

They had whirled through the streets of Benedict. The old main street had become a business section that branched in all directions. Plate-glass windows reflected, glitter for glitter, the dazzling aluminium and white enamel objects within.

The leather shop of Ildefonso Mezo was little more than tourist bait now, for Ildefonso was long gone. Tourists from Iowa and New York and Missouri stopped to buy stitched high-heeled cowboy boots, in which their offspring hobbled back into the waiting family car.

The moth-eaten Longhorn steer still stood in his glass case morosely staring out at the procession of motor-cars streaming along the road which in his lifetime had known only the quick clatter of horses' hoofs and the bellow and shuffle and thud of moving cattle.

As the Benedict car flashed through the town and out, Leslie's quick glance darted this way and that. "How it changes! Almost from day to day. You should have seen it when I came here a bride, before any of you were born."

"Well, I hope so, madam!" Luz exclaimed virtuously.

"That first week! I'll never forget it. I rejected just about everything—except your father. The—the vaqueros' horrible little shacks were worse than the Negro cabins in my Virginia. Texas food was steak and the steak was sole leather."

"Still is," Luz observed.

"But not at our house. And there are all those modern houses in the barrios now. And they're talking about a new hospital here in Benedict and a new school."

Juana's voice was very low, for the child had fallen asleep against his mother's side. "The school for the Latin American children is a disgrace."

Leslie turned in her seat to face her daughter-in-law. "I know, Juana, darling. We must keep on working."

Their speed on this flat, endless road would have been terrifying to anyone not a Texan. Past the fine new house of Fidel Gomez in Nopal. Fidel Gomez, wallowing in oil, scarcely bothered now to manage the business of bringing the Mexican migratory workers, men, women, and children, into the Valley for the seasonal crop picking at twenty-five cents an hour.

Nopal was changing, too. Tortilla Factory a sign read in the town where once the pat-pat of women's hands had sounded from every little dwelling. The dry-goods store was a department store now. There were motion-picture theatres offering Westerns, "Border Bad Man," "Waggon Wheels West."

Coals to Newcastle, Leslie thought as the great car swept through the small towns and out again into the open road.

"There isn't any open road any more," she said. "Look at that enormous thing with all those aluminium chimneys or whatever they are. Acres of it."

"Lexanese plant," Luz said.

"I don't remember having seen it before. I must get about more. I'll turn into a homebody if I'm not careful."

"If you weren't so stubborn about letting me take you up in the little plane," Luz reminded her, "you'd see the world."

"You and Jordy don't really see the world. You've learned your geography from planes. You think the world is little blocks and squares with bugs wriggling over them. I don't think you ever really see anything from the angle of the ground. What with horses and planes and cars you never set foot to earth."

"Bob says you forgot to teach me to walk. But, anyway, what I see from the air is mighty pretty, missy. Which is more than you can say down here."

"Tell me, what's Bob's new house like? Is it attractive?"

"Attractive as a boxcar. You could put the whole thing in our pantry."

"Modern pioneer, h'm?"

"You and pa are a little worried about Bob Dietz, aren't you?"

"Well, no, not worried. I think he's a wonderful young man. I don't suppose you plan to marry every man who interests you."

"No. Only one. Bob and I have talked about it. He says he wouldn't marry any girl who has Reata hung around her neck." The girl's voice was even and her eyes were on the road ahead, but something intangible asked mutely for guidance.

"Your Aunt Luz, that you were named after, thought that Reata was more important than marriage."

Luz said nothing. They drove on in silence. Luz just turned her head, then, to glance at her mother, and again her eyes came back to the road.

In a tone of somewhat dry reminiscence Leslie went on, "She was in love with Cliff Hake—that was Vashti Snyth's father—and he was in love with her. But he wouldn't come to live at Reata and she wouldn't go to live at the Double B, and they wouldn't throw the two ranches into one. So she lived at Reata an old maid. And died there."

"I'm still young," Luz said, her voice airy, "even if I am over twenty. Young in spirit, that's me. . . . I danced with Jett Rink the other night."

"No, Luz!"

"It was only for a minute or two. He was drunk but not violent. It was last week when I went to Houston for the party. We were having dinner at the Shamrock. Glenn McCarthy came into the Emerald Room with a bunch of Big Boys and Jett Rink was one of them. He looked quite handsome in a Mississippi Gaylord Ravenal kind of way. He had the nerve to come up to our table and ask me to dance. I decided it would be better to try it than to risk his going into one of his slugging matches with one of our men."

"What did he say?"

"Sort of babbled. Still mad at the Benedicts, but not you and not me, as nearly as I could gather. A lot about you. And then he suggested it would be nice if I'd marry him. What an ape!"

"I'm hungry!" Polo was wide awake now.

Leslie turned to reassure him. "All right, my precious. We'll stop somewhere."

"I want my breakfast," the boy demanded.

Luz called back to him, "Sweetie, there's a kind of monotony about your conversation. . . . Juana, there's a nice, clean, new place about a mile farther on. Bob and I stopped there for a sandwich the other night. Quite good. I could do with a Coke, myself."

There were a dozen cars outside the little roadside lunch-room. A radio whined. Trucks and passenger cars and jeeps mingled affably in the parking place at the side.

"You go along in," Luz said. "I'll park away from these bloodthirsty trucks."

Leslie took the boy's hand in hers as he walked with his uncertain, staggering steps. He looked proudly up into her face. She loved the feel of the velvety mortel in her palm. "Now, my pet, we'll all have something good, but not much, because Bob Dietz will want us to eat lunch at his house. He won't like it if we're not hungry."

"Won't he let me see the little lamb?"

"Oh, yes, he'll let you see the lamb. Now, then, up the little step."

A coffee counter. Metal tables with chairs upholstered in scarlet imitation leather. A harassed, middle-aged woman behind the cash register; a red-faced shirt-sleeved man behind the counter; a waitress wiping a table-top with a damp cloth. Truck drivers at the coffee counter, women and children eating at the tables.

They stood a moment, Leslie, Juana, the child, in the bright, steamy room with its odors of coffee and fried food. "That table in the corner," Juana suggested. "Perhaps there is a high chair for you, mi vida."

"I don't want a high chair. I am a big boy."

They sat down. "What's keeping Luz?" Leslie said, and tucked in a paper napkin at Polo's neck which he at once removed.

"We don't serve Mexicans here." They did not at first hear. Or, if they heard, the words did not penetrate their consciousness. So now the man came from behind the counter and moved toward them. His voice was louder now. "We don't serve Mexicans here."

Leslie Benedict stared around the room, but the man was looking at her and Juana and at Polo. Leslie was frowning a little, as though puzzled. "What?"

"You heard me." He jerked a thumb toward the doorway. "Out."

The men drinking coffee at the counter and the people at the nearby tables looked at the two women and the child. They kept on eating and drinking, though they looked at them and glanced with sliding, sidewise glances at one another.

Leslie rose. Juana stood, too, and the child wriggled off the chair and ran to his mother's side. "You can't be talking to me," Leslie said.

"I sure can. I'm talking to all of you. Our rule here is no Mexicans served and I don't want no ruckus. So—out!"

The worried-looking woman behind the cash register said, "Now, Floyd, don't you go getting techy again. They ain't doing nothing."

Leslie felt her lips strangely stiff. She said, "You must be out of your mind."

Luz came blithely in. She stared a moment at the little group, on whose faces was written burning anger; at the open-mouthed men and women at the counter and tables.

"Hey, what's going on here?" she said.

The man glanced at the golden-haired, blue-eyed girl. He pointed a finger at the two women and the child, but Leslie spoke before he could repeat the words.

"This man won't serve us. He says he won't serve Mexicans."

The scarlet surged up into Luz' face. Her eyes were a blazing blue. Leslie thought, with some little portion of her brain that was not numb. Why, she looks exactly—but exactly—like Jordan when he is furious.

"You so-and-so——" began Miss Luz Benedict.

"Git!" shouted the man then. "You and your greasers!" And he gave Polo a little shove so that he lurched forward and stumbled, and Luz caught him.

Luz reverted then to childhood. "I'll tell my father!" she

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Beauty in brief:

Elbow work

By CAROLYN EARLE

● It used to be a fad to bleach and soften the skin of the elbows by sitting for fifteen minutes a week with the elbows propped up and resting in hollowed-out halves of a fresh lemon.

LEMON juice is a good mild bleach and useful acid agent, but it will not be necessary for you to adorn your arms with lemon rinds if you remember to include daily scrubbing and softening of elbow skin in your grooming routine.

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said the man. "He'll kill you! Do you know who my father is? He's . . ."

"No! No, Luz! No name! Come!"

As they went they heard, through the open doorway, the voices of the man and woman raised again in dispute.

"You crazy, Floyd? Only the kid and his ma was cholos, not the others."

"Aw, the old one was; black hair and sallow. You can't fool me."

Leslie put a hand through Juana's arm; she took the child's hand in hers. "Come, children! Sh! Don't cry!"

They were climbing into the car now. "Grandma will sit back here with you. That man didn't have nice milk to drink. Luz will get out at the next place and she'll get you a bottle of milk and some crackers . . ."

She had their promise. All the way to Bob Dietz' ranch and all the way back they had argued. But in the end Luz and Juana had promised.

"Please," Leslie had implored them, "please, not until after that horrible Jett Rink party is over. Please, Luz; please, Juana. Don't tell your father; don't tell Jordy; don't tell Bob until after that. You know they'd do something—something hasty. It would get into the papers; it would be all over the State. All those guests at the Big House, and a thousand people going to the party. There'll be publicity enough. Please just wait until next week, then we'll all talk about it quietly, together."

"Quietly!" shouted Luz. "I'm going to tell Bob the minute we hit the house. He'll kill that baboon."

"Luz, I promise you it won't be left like this. I promise. But it can't be now. This is the wrong time. It's got to be handled through proper channels carefully. Your father and Gabe and Judge Whiteside."

"Judge Whiteside!" Luz sniffed. "That crawler!"

Quietly Leslie said, "We're furious because of what that ignorant bigot did. But we all know this has been going on for years and years. It's always happened to other people. Now it's happened to us. The Benedicts of Reata. So we're screaming."

"All right," Luz snapped, "then let's hit it."

"Yes. But not now. Please. Not just now. It's the worst possible time to make a public fuss."

And deep inside her a taunting voice said: Oh, so now you're doing it, too, h'm? After twenty-five years of nagging and preaching and being so superior, you're evading, too. Infected. Afraid to speak up and act and defy.

Hit the rattlesnake before it strikes again. Tell them now; tell them now; what does it matter about the silly guests and the ranch and the oil and the banquet and the talk and the State? It's the world that matters.

. . . . . .

At six that evening Bick Benedict sprawled on the couch in their bedroom, regarded his wife with the fond, disillusioned gaze of the husband who is conditioned to seeing cold cream applied to the wind-burned feminine face.

"What went on down there at Bob Dietz' place?" he inquired. "You girls came home as sore, acting as if you'd been scalped by Karankawas. Juana looked as if she'd been crying and Luz stamped past me without speaking. Just glared. Did the two girls quarrel or something? What went on down there, anyway?"

"Nothing," Leslie replied. "Just tired, I guess."

Tell him now, the voice said. Tell him his wife and his daughter and his daughter-in-law and his grandson were kicked out of a roadside diner, and it's his fault and your fault and the fault of every man and woman like you. But she only said, aloud, "We brought the little lamb back with us in the car. Bob gave it to Polo."

"You trying to make a sheep man out of a Benedict? Don't let that get around the cow country."

"He insists on keeping it in a box in his bedroom. Juana's having quite a time."

He laughed like a boy at his mental picture of this. Then he fell silent. When he spoke he was serious; he was urgent. "Leslie, I wish they could live here at Reata. Not only little visits like this, but stay. Do you think they might? The kid loves it here."

"Of course he does. He thinks it's heaven. Wouldn't any child who'd lived in a three-room New York apartment while his father went to school?"

"Speak to Juana about it, will you? Maybe if Jordy sees how happy she and the boy are here he'll leave Vientecito and give up that stinking clinic, settle down here at Reata, where he belongs."

Agreeably, quite as though she did not know that what he suggested was hopeless, she seemed to fall in with his plan. "Wouldn't that be lovely? I'll speak to Juana to-morrow."

He sighed with a sort of deep satisfaction as if the impossible were already accomplished. "Let's have a little drink up here before I have to go down and start arguing again with Uncle Bawley." After she had given the order: "What's Dietz' place like?"

"Compact as a hairbrush!" she told him. "You wouldn't know it was Texas. Everything planned to the last inch like a problem in physics. It's planted right up to the front door. I expected to see grass growing in the house."

"Did, huh? See his stock?"

"Yes. Some. It looked — what's that word?—thrifty. Bob said it was solid beef cattle; he wasn't going in for collectors' items. Jordan, maybe this boy has got hold of something so fundamental that it's enormous."

"You sound as if you'd been talking to your daughter Luz. I want to know what you think of him."

"Bob's a fine man. And more than just smart. For the rest, perhaps he's just a le-e-etle bit too earnest for my taste, and not enough humor. But maybe that's the mark of future greatness. Great men are usually pretty stuffy. Except you."

The Mexican girl came in with the tray and placed it on the table beside him. Bick opened the bourbon, cocked an eyebrow at Leslie. She nodded.

"That's mighty purty talk, missy." But he was not smiling. "Look. Is she going to marry him?"

"I don't know. Neither does she. He won't marry Reata. I'm sure of that. Not even if he has to lose Luz. And he's crazy about her. But not that crazy."

"Hey, wait a minute! This is where we came in, isn't it?"

"Sort of. We talked a little about her Aunt Luz to-day. I told her about Luz and Cliff Hake—before he was old Cliff Hake."

BICK got up and began to stride about the room. "Oh, you did, eh?"

"Yes. I thought she might be interested to know what happens to a woman, sometimes, if she doesn't marry because of some unimportant thing like a ranch, for example."

"She doesn't want to marry that dirt farmer! Anyway, she isn't going to. Not if I can help it."

"Twentieth century. Remember?"

Moodily he stared at her. "Oh, let's forget it. I'm tired. This has been a stinker of a day."

Instantly she was alert. "What happened?" she asked.

"Nothing. Everything. After the boys left I sat there talking to Bawley a while. He looked like an old hundred-year turtle, mopping his eyes and mumbling. I love the old goof, but he sure can drive you crazy. Talking. He thinks he's one of the Prophets or something, now, the way he talks."

"But what did he say that upset you?"

"Nothing. Nothing that made sense, that is. It was just the whole stinking day. I got to thinking about this Rink shindig this week. Bawley said he wouldn't be seen dead there, oil or no oil. And, to tell you the truth, I'd rather be shot than go."

"That's wonderful!" Leslie said. "We won't go."

His shoulders slumped. "We've got to. Because everybody's going. If we stay away we'll be the only outfit for a thousand miles that isn't there. Everybody's going and nobody wants to—nobody that is anybody. Stay away and we'd be more marked than if we went to the party naked. . . . To think that cochino could make decent people do anything they don't want to do!"

"He can't. We don't have to go." She faced him squarely, hairbrush in hand; she gesticulated with it as she spoke. "You keep on doing—we keep on doing the things we're really opposed to. You can't just keep on doing things against your feelings and principles."

Belligerently: "You don't say! What things?"

"You just said it. This hideous kow-towing to a thing like Jett Rink. But that isn't so important. It's a thousand other things. Oil. And the ranch. And the Mexicans. The bigotry. The things that can happen to decent people. It's going to catch up with you. It's taken a hundred years, and maybe it'll take another hundred. But it will catch up with you. With everybody. It always does."

"Go and join a club," he said wearily, and returned to the couch.

She came over and sat beside him. "Bick, do you feel ill?"

He stared at her. "You called me Bick," he said.

"Did I?"

"Why?"

"I don't know, Jordan. I didn't know I had."

"You never called me that before. Never. Everybody else did, but you've never called me anything else but my name, since the day we met. Say, that's kind of funny. Maybe it means you've kind of finished with your husband Jordan."

She sank down against him, her cheek against his, her arm across his breast. "Jordan's my husband, darling. Bick's my friend."

"Tell your friend to get out of my wife's bedroom." But he was not smiling. He lay inert, unresponsive to her. After a moment he began to talk, disjointedly, as though unwillingly admitting the doubts and fears that for months had been piling up against the door of his consciousness.

"I guess it's kind of got me . . . the boys this afternoon . . . and the whole rotten oil crowd . . . it's like any dirty boom town now, Benedict is . . . And on top of everything Jordy turning out a no-good maverick . . . oh, well, no real Benedict, anyway . . . Dr. Jordan Benedict! Can you imagine! Down in Spigtown with the greasers in Vientecito, a shingle on the door right along with a fellow named Guerra . . . Juana and the kid . . . Juana's all right; she's a decent girl; she's Jordy's wife. Jordy Benedict's wife and the kid looks like a real cholo."

"Darling, don't say things like that! They're terrible. They're wrong. You don't know how wrong. You'll be sorry."

"Yeh! Well, I know this much. Things are getting away from me. Kind of slipping from under me, like a loose cushion. I swear I sometimes feel like a failure. Bick Benedict a failure! The whole Benedict family a failure."

She sat up very straight; she took his inert hand in hers, his brown, iron hand, and held it close to her. "Jordan, how strange that you should say that just to-day!" she told him.

"To-day?"

"Because to-day was kind of difficult for me, too, in some ways. And I thought, as we were driving along toward home—Luz and Juana and little Jordan and I—I thought to myself, well, maybe Jordan and I and all the others behind us have been failures, in a way. In a way, darling. In a way that has nothing to do with ranches and oil and millions and Rinks and Whitrsides and Kashmirs. And then I thought about our Jordan and our Luz and I said to myself, well, after a hundred years it looks as if the Benedict family is going to be a real success at last."

As he turned, half startled, half resentful, to stare at her, the man saw for just that moment a curious transformation in the face of this middle-aged woman. The lines that the years had wrought were wiped away by a magic wand, and there shone there the look of purity, of hope, and of eager expectancy that the face of the young girl had worn when she had come, twenty-five years ago, a bride to Texas.

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To-day, more than ever, NYAL Figsen is the *ideal* family laxative. Figsen now comes in two forms—*Regular* (for children) and *Double Strength* (for adults). Figsen acts promptly, but gently and naturally to restore normal bowel action. Easy to take, pleasant tasting. Regular—2/3. Double Strength—3/6.

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